

John Duke 3/3 Strained

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

How to eat Twelfth-cake requires no recipe; but how to provide it and draw the characters, on the authority of "Winter Evening Pastimes," may be acceptable. First, buy your cake. Then, before your visitors arrive, buy your characters, each of which should have a pleasant verse beneath. Next look at your invitation list, and count the number of ladies you expect; and afterwards the

number of gentlemen. Then, take as many female characters as you have invited ladies; fold them up, exactly of the same size, and number each on the back; taking care to make the king No. 1, and the queen No. 2. Then prepare and number the gentlemen's characters. Cause tea and coffee to be handed to your visitors as they drop in. When all are assembled and tea over, put as many ladies' characters in a reticule as there are ladies present; next put the gentlemen's characters in a hat. Then call on a gentleman to

carry the reticule to the ladies as they sit, from which each lady is to draw one ticket, and to preserve it unopened. Select a lady to bear the hat to the gentlemen for the same purpose. There will be one ticket left in the reticule, and another in the hat, which the lady and gentleman who carried each is to interchange, as having fallen to each. Next, arrange your visitors according to their numbers; the king No. 1, the queen No. 2, and so on. The king is then to recite the verse on his ticket; then the queen the verse on hers;



TWELFTH NIGHT.—THE QUEEN OF THE PARTY.

and so the characters are to proceed in numerical order. This done, let the cake and refreshments go round, and hey! for merriment!

They come! they come! each blue-eyed sport,
The Twelfth-night king and all his court—
'Tis Mirth fresh crowned with mischief!
Music with her merry fiddles,
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
Wit with all his jests and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go,
And Love, young Love, among the rest,
A welcome—not unbidden guest.

Young folks anticipate Twelfth-night as a full source of innocent glee to their light little hearts. Where, and what is he who would negative hopes of happiness for a few short hours in the day-spring of life? A writer in an old magazine thus beautifully sketches a scene of juvenile enjoyment this evening:—"I love to see an acre of cake spread out—the sweet frost covering the rich earth below—studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice-plants, and red and green knots of sweetmeats, and hollow yellow crosted crowns, and kings and queens, and paraphernalia. I delight to see a score of happy children sitting huddled all round the dainty fare, eyeing the cake and each other, with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the gazing silence which is kept so religiously while the large knife goes its round, and the glistening eyes which feed beforehand on the huge slices, dark with citron and plums, and heavy as gold. And then, when the 'Characters' are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from their little eyes? One is proud, as King; another stately, as queen; then there are two whispering protegee secrets which they cannot contain (those are Sir Gregory Goose and Sir Tumbelly Clumey). The boys laugh out at their own misfortunes; but the little girls (almost ashamed of their prizes) sit blushing and silent. It is not until the lady of the house goes round, that some of the more extravagant fictions are revealed. And then, what a roar of mirth! Ha! ha! 'The ceiling shakes, and the air is torn.' They bound from their seats like kids, and insist on seeing Miss Thompson's card. Ah! what merry spite is proclaimed—what osterations pity! The little girl is almost in tears; but the large lump of allotted cake is placed reasonably in her hands, and the glass of sweet wine 'all round' drowns the shrill urchin laughter, and a gentler delight prevails. Does not this make a charming picture?

The Court.

A handsome building, with every accommodation suitable for the residence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and household, will be immediately commenced in Windsor Great Park, on the site of the lodge occupied by King George IV near Cumberland Lodge.—*Court Journal.*

PRESENT FROM THE QUEEN TO HER GRANDSON. Her Majesty has just presented to her royal grandson, Prince Victor, a splendid baptismal gift. This work of art has been nearly two years in hand; it was intended to have been presented on the first anniversary of the young prince's birth—the 10th of March last—but the great amount of artistic labour required for its completion caused the presentation to be delayed until now. The work consists of a statuette of the late Prince Consort in silver, and stands three feet two and a half inches in height. His royal highness is in a standing position with gilt armour, copied from the figure upon the tomb of the Earl of Warwick in Warwick Cathedral. He is represented as Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and around the plinth on which the figure stands is the verse from Timothy, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Behind the figure, and resting upon the stump of an oak, is the helmet of Christian. The shield of the prince rests against the stem, and near the tree are the white lilies of purity, which are usually introduced into the picture of the Pilgrim. Immediately beneath the plinth, and in front of the entablature of the pedestal, is the inscription:—"Given to Albert Victor Christian Edward, on the occasion of his baptism, by Victoria R., his grandmother and godmother, in memory of Albert, his beloved grandfather." In the panel below, and over the royal arms, is the verse:—

"My Rose of Love with tears I laid in earth,
My lily! purity, hath soared to heaven;
But faith still lives, and sees in this new birth,
How both ones more to cheer my soul are given."

On the panel on the side, over the Queen and Prince Consort's arms, is the verse:—

"Fight the good fight He fought, and still like him—
O'erleash the flowers of purity and love;
So shall He when thy earthly joys grow dim,
First greet them in our Saviour's home above."

On a third panel, and over the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is the verse:—

"Walk as He walked in faith and righteousness;
Active as he strove, the weak and poor to aid.
Seek not thyself but other men to bless;
So win like Him a wreath that will not fade."

Beneath the front panel, over the figures "1864," are inscribed in large size letters the Prince's name, Albert Victor Christian Edward; and in an oblong panel, "Born January the 8th, baptised March 10th."

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

The opening day of the year was no improvement on the meagre attendances we have been used to of late, and not more than a couple of dozen members presented themselves. The quotations were unusually limited, and the three following we give were the only ones which came under our notice. Augustus would have been supported, but there being no corresponding desire to lay, he was at a standstill.

The Two Thousand Guineas was also a dead letter.
The Danby—15 to 2 agst. Basilic (1); 25 to 1 agst. Blue Riband (1); 2,000 to 35 agst. Knight of the Crescent (1)

THE SILVER GRILL AT THE LUDGATE STATION.—The railway arch at the Ludgate station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway has been converted into an elegantly-fitted up dining saloon for Messrs. Spiers and Pond, who are well known for the reformed system of supplying refreshments for railway travellers and others, which they have established in connexion with the Metropolitan Railway, and at the Victoria Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. In addition to joints, &c., the proprietors will supply (after the manner of many City chop-houses) steaks and chops cooked in the presence of the customers upon a "silver grill."

A COUGH, COLD, OR AN IRRITATED THROAT. It allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine dealers in this country at 1s. 11d. per box.—*Advertisement.*

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning, one of the platelayers working upon the main line of the South-Western Railway, near Clapham Junction, was accidentally caught by a pilot-engine and killed instantaneously, his body being fearfully crushed. A ticket-collector belonging to the Metropolitan Railway has also been knocked down by a train on the Barnes Railway-bridge and killed. He was trespassing on the line at the time, making a "short cut."

At twelve o'clock on Sunday night the whole of the engines belonging to the various insurance offices, forming what is termed the London Brigade, were handed over to the Board of Works, and in future the force will be called the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

A FRENCH journalist has made a collection of the number of deaths in the year 1865, of persons who attained the age of 100 years and upwards—France not included. England holds a respectable place in the list, having five names out of only nineteen collected from the whole world. The following is the list, which no doubt might be greatly added to by further investigation:—Mrs. Burchell, 100 years, Brighton; Mrs. Isabella Ross, 105 years, London; Mrs. Margaret Curteis, 103 years, Shalton Rectory, Norfolk; Mrs. Sarah Eaglesfield, 101 years, Wakefield; E. Nauwelaers, 103 years, Brussels; Isabelle Somer, 100 years and eight months, Desielbergen, Belgium; Catherine Van Welle, 101 years, Alost; Lorenzo Rizzo, 100 years, Rosighona, Liguria; M. Agathange, formerly abbot of the Russian convent of St. George, Crimea, 108 years; the Austrian general, Count Olivalart de Happoncourt, 100 years; the Indian warrior, Bloody Hand, 100 years, at Outter-ranges; Madame Angellique Dayer, 113 years, at Quebec; widow Gargero, 106 years, at Genoa; Luisa Maria de Oliveira, 107 years, Arracemont de Louza, Portugal; Jean Schlegelweitt, 117, Vienna; Madame Daniel Couture, 102 years, Levis, Canada; Rabello de Pensafel, Portugal, 106 years.

General News.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Beaulieu, having caused excavations to be made in the cathedral of his diocese, which led to the discovery of the remains of eight sovereign Counts of Burgundy, who reigned in the 11th and 12th centuries, the bones were put in new coffins and deposited last week with due solemnity in a vault constructed to receive them under the flags of one of the chapels in the cathedral.

The question of smoking in the theatre has led to a species of compromise at the Grand Theatre, Amsterdam. As many of the visitors, particularly the ladies, objected to the weed, the manager arranged a "non-smoking night," and it was, on the whole, so successful that he has resolved to make another trial. If satisfied with the result, it is his intention to have two nights in the week set apart for those who do not patronise a chaster or habanas.

MR. JOHN BLOSSETT MAULE, of the Midland Circuit, Recorder of Leeds, has been appointed the third member of the Jamaica Inquiry Commission, to act with Sir Henry Stokes and Mr. Russell Gurney. Mr. Maule has received the highest recommendations from the judges on the circuit, Mr. Justice Stree and Mr. Justice Mellor.

THE *Etoile du Orient* of Constantinople relates a terrible accident which occurred lately at Arnautkent. During the celebration of a marriage in a house in that place the roof suddenly fell in and killed seventeen persons, including the bride and bridegroom, besides injuring many others.

We understand that the Order of the Garier is about to be conferred upon King Leopold II. of Belgium, and that Lord Sydney will shortly proceed to Brussels for the purpose of investing his Majesty with the insignia of the order on behalf of the Queen. The name of Mr. Edward Buller is included in the batch of baronets gazetted this week. Mr. Buller, now member for North Staffordshire, set for Devon for many years. Sir Robert Peel is made a Grand Cross of the Bath.

AN American paper states in the most elegant part of the cemetery at Ringold, in Georgia, there is the following inscription on a tombstone:—"Sacred to the memory of Tennessee Thompson, jun. He lived to enliven the happiness of his parents three years, two months, and twenty-three days, when death tore him from the mountain's brow. An angel caught and bore him o'er the sea, and placed him in God's White House, to live and play through all eternity."

ONE of the little wooden shops on the Boulevard des Italiens, kept by a man named Nowachewski, took fire last week owing to the explosion of a bundle of the dangerous playthings called Pharaoh's serpents.

DISTRESSING SUICIDE THROUGH WANT OF WORK.

On Monday, Dr. Lankester held an inquiry at the Bank of England public-house, Paddington, respecting the death of Joseph Alexander Leslie, a carpenter, aged twenty-three, who was found in the Regent's Canal with his throat cut. Elizabeth Leslie said she lived at 10, St. George's-terrace. She was widow of deceased. He was a sober man, but had been out of work for the past four months, and on Tuesday week they were turned out of their lodgings because he could not pay his rent. She went to her aunt's and he left her, and she had never seen him again. He had said that if he did not soon get work she would be a widow, as a watery grave would be his. The day after he left her she received a letter from him, which she immediately handed over to the police. Mr. Blake, the coroner's officer, here produced the letter, which was as follows:—"My dear Betsy, I now take the opportunity of writing these few lines to you for the last time, for by the time you get this letter I shall be at the bottom of the canal at Paddington Bridge. Let me beg of you not to fret; take care of the dear little baby. God bless her and yourself. Do not cry for me. You may, please God, find friends now I am gone where you would not while I lived. So good bye, God bless you every one! May you never do what I have done with a broken heart. Forgive me, Betsy dearest, for the wrong that I have done. Good-bye, dearest. A kiss. I die like a dog.—J. A. L." Arthur Lane, 27, North Wharf-road, said that he found the body of the deceased in the canal, by the parish stone-yard, where he was unloading gravel. The police produced a large knife with which it appeared deceased had wounded himself before jumping into the water. Mr. Samuel Beale, surgeon, said he examined deceased and found two cuts across the throat. The immediate cause of death was suffocation from drowning. In answer to the coroner, it was stated that on a previous occasion, when out of work, deceased had sold his tools, and so could not obtain regular work. The coroner remarked feelingly upon the case, and the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind."

THUNDER IN DECEMBER.—On Friday, this town and neighbourhood were visited by a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by torrents of rain. The wind blew a perfect hurricane.—*Norfolk Telegraph.*

THE MUSIC OF THE VOICE.—The secret of singing in perfection—a beautiful and powerful voice, is produced by using the "Registered Euphonia Notes," unanimously pronounced the wonder of the age. They are a guaranteed preventive against sore throat, asthma, hoarseness, and most affections of the throat and voice, and will be found invaluable to those suffering from cold or impurities in their speech. Post-free to any part of the United Kingdom, thirteen stamps, a receipt from the sole inventor, Seagrave Avenue, Reg. 1, Dorset-terrace, its opposite road, London, W.—The sale of this novelty has reached over 3,000 per week. Testimonials of the highest character may be seen.—*Advertisement.*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The usual new year's reception of the diplomatic corps by the Emperor took place at the Tuilleries on Monday. The ceremony was rather longer than usual, as the Emperor addressed a few words to each ambassador.

In receiving the members of the Corps Legislatif and the President, Count Walowski, his Majesty stated that he received their compliments with pleasure, as a testimony of the concord which should exist between the great bodies of the State, and which constitutes the happiness of the country.

AMERICA.

M. Monthonlon, the French ambassador, is sojourning in New York. It is announced that the resolutions on Mexican affairs introduced in Congress are so offensive to him that he will not return to Washington until after receiving instructions from the Emperor Napoleon.

A New York evening paper publishes a rumour that M. Monthonlon, previous to Mr. Johnson issuing his Message, had assured Mr. Seward that the French troops would withdraw from Mexico in a short time.

According to the *New York Herald's* Washington correspondence, the Mexican *Estafeta* states that 1,000 Zouaves, en route to reinforce General Bazaine, had been landed at Martinique, where they revolted, with cries of "Death to the Emperor!" "Vive la Republique!" The garrison endeavoured to restore order, but many were killed on both sides. Four hundred of the Zouaves, on their arrival at the city of Mexico, were disarmed, and ordered to be court-martialled.

GREAT FIRE AT ST. KATHARINE'S DOCK.

On Monday forenoon much alarm was created by the outbreak of another very serious fire in the St. Katharine's Dock, making the third that has occurred in that great commercial shipping depot within the last few years. It raged with terrible fury during the whole day and night, consuming part of two of its bonded warehouses and destroying property to a very large extent. The warehouses formed part of the latter H stack of warehouses, occupying one half of the north side of the docks. The stack contained some eight or ten warehouses, each four or six floors in height, all communicating on every floor by means of double iron folding doors. The principal goods stored in them are spirits, tallow, palm oil, cotton, flax, jute, and other merchandize, to the extent of upwards of £2,000,000 value. The circumstances connected with the outbreak are somewhat extraordinary. The warehouses had been open some hours, labourers were on every floor receiving goods raised from the quays by the hydraulic lifts, and were wheeling the property through the entire length of the stack for storing, when people came running into the dock from the adjacent streets and waterside with intelligence that one of the warehouses was on fire, and that they had seen the flames coming out of the roof. The police at the entrance gates looked upon the information with surprise, for to them there was no appearance even then of any danger; but a few minutes sufficed to show that a most dangerous fire had broken out in the fifth story of warehouse F, yet on some of the dock officials rushing up into it they found men at work in the floors below, quite unconscious of the fire's existence. The class of goods stored on the floor in question was chiefly coir fibre and bales of jute. There was an immense stock of it on the floor, piled and stacked up to the ceiling. It was evidently all on fire, sending forth a fearful blinding and suffocating smoke, compelling the men to beat a speedy retreat. The dock officers, finding it was impossible to extinguish the fire, commenced securing all the iron doors so as to shut off all communication with the rest of the warehouses. This they effected, except one connecting the fifth floor of F warehouse with that of the same floor letter H. Several men made an effort to reach the door by crawling on their hands and knees, but were soon overpowered and were dragged out almost insensible from suffocation. During this time the flames were spreading furiously and fast throughout the two uppermost floors of F warehouse, while the dense clouds of smoke which poured forth completely darkened the neighbourhood. The dock fire-engines were soon in operation, and Captain Shaw, chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, arrived with a great number of steam engines. The hose of some of these was hoisted to the roofs of other warehouses, whence copious streams of water were directed into the burning warehouses, four floors of which were at one time completely enveloped in flames. The firemen laboured incessantly to get the fire under, and by five o'clock they had mastered it. It is stated that the damage will exceed £100,000, and that almost every insurance office in London will suffer.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE.—At Biggleswade on Saturday, the 30th of December, the Rev. George Henry O. Perry was charged before Sir John Burgoyne and Colonel Lindsey, magistrates of the division, with having obtained a curacy by false pretences. It appeared that in the early part of November last the Rev. Arthur Sydney Pott, incumbent of Northill, Bedfordshire, advertised for a curate in the *Guardian*. The accused applied for the appointment, representing himself as having graduated at Oxford, and been five years in holy orders; that his views were in strict accordance with the Prayer-book, and referring for further particulars to the Rev. Frederick Parry, incumbent of Christ Church, 129, Tachbrook-street, S.W. Mr. Pott forwarded a letter to the address mentioned, and received a reply, signed "Fredk. Parry, Incumbent of Christ Church," stating that Mr. Perry had been known to him for several years, and he always found him earnest and sincere in his duties; a good reader and a very fair preacher, and was liked by everybody. He could safely recommend him, feeling sure that he would discharge his duty with the utmost conscientiousness. Other correspondence followed, and as the answers of the applicant appeared satisfactory an engagement was concluded. On the 15th of November after he was comfortably accommodated in the pleasant hamlet of Ouldeote, not far from the village. He made himself very agreeable with the neighbours, patronised the tradesmen in the adjoining towns, and seemed to be living in clover. A month, however, had scarcely elapsed when a clerical friend intimated to Mr. Pott his suspicions that the new curate was an impostor. Mr. Pott went immediately to London, and on inquiry at No. 129, Tachbrook-street, discovered that no clergyman named Parry had resided there during the last nine years, the period of the present tenant's (Mr. Lloyd Shepherd) occupancy. It was also ascertained at the Ecclesiastical Court, Westminster, that there is no incumbent named the Rev. Frederick Parry in the diocese of London. At the conclusion of the evidence, after the usual caution, the accused said he should reserve his defence. He was then fully committed for trial at the ensuing Bedfordshire Assizes.

DR. BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Revalenta Arabica, is de thirst the universal agent of the bow, meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience. Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins at 1s. 11d., 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 22s. 24lbs. 40s. At all grocers.—*Advertisement.*

SENTIMENTS ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five pence per minute. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C.—*Advertisement.*

STRANGE STORY OF A COAT.

At Westminster Police-court, on Saturday, Mr. William Henry Oakes Warren, a gentleman, residing at Harrondon, Kent, said to be the son of General Warren, was charged with a robbery at the Westminster Palace Hotel. It appeared from the evidence of four witnesses that at about a quarter-past one o'clock the prisoner entered the hotel by the principal entrance. He had no overcoat on or with him, and after walking up and down the basement for nearly an hour, he went to the visitors' book, where, as he said, he was looking for the names of some friends of his who were staying there. He then went into the coffee-room, and having partaken of some refreshment, took his departure. Although the hall porter saw prisoner come in without an overcoat, and go out with one on, and knew him to be a stranger, he did not attempt to stop him, but spoke to another porter, who, finding that an overcoat and three books belonging to a Mr. Heathfield were missing, went after prisoner and found him with the property in his possession. He said it was his coat, then he had made a mistake, and then offered witness a sovereign to say nothing about it. He was, however, taken back to the hotel and given into custody.

Prisoner said he had taken a coat into the Palace Hotel with him, and took the wrong one when he left. What could a man in his position want to steal a coat for? It was absurd. He could give the highest references for respectability, but was allowed to offer no explanation or apology at the hotel, nor to communicate with his legal adviser or friends.

Mr. Selfe, having commented upon the suspicion attached to the case, remanded prisoner till Monday, accepting bail, as he believed prisoner was the man he represented himself to be.

On Monday Warren was surrendered by his bail for further examination on the said charge.

Mr. Wiseman, from the office of Messrs. Freshfield, solicitors, attended to prosecute; and Mr. Holt, solicitor, defended prisoner.

Mr. Wiseman, after advertising to the evidence given on Saturday, which the solicitor for the defence had read, observed: I would say, on the part of the Westminster Palace Company, that they are not actuated by any vindictive motives against the prisoner, but, on the other hand, when the managers of a large limited company like the one I represent find that depredations of this kind are committed, and they are daily called upon to make compensation for property stolen, they feel themselves bound to come forward, and, in this case, support the testimony of their officers; and although they are aware that the charge is—unfortunately, perhaps—made against a gentleman in a good position and respectably connected, still this sort of offence is so much on the increase, and the facts of this case are so plain and the evidence so abundant, that the proprietors of the hotel are of opinion that an example should be made, even if it be the prisoner.

Mr. Holt: I am in a position to show the respectability of my client, and have several gentlemen here to depose to it.

Mr. Wiseman: Before Mr. Holt calls any witnesses I have other testimony to produce against the prisoner. I have here Mr. Alfred Warner, manager of the Craven Hotel, who will prove that the prisoner went to the Craven Hotel, ran up a long bill, and, having done that, ran away without paying it. I will also show by Mr. Warner that property was every day missed contemporaneously with the appearance of the prisoner, and that the missing of property ceased with his departure.

Mr. Warner was put into the witness-box and sworn to; but

Mr. Selfe said: This is a specific charge, and without you have any other evidence concerning the charge of robbery at the Westminster Hotel, you must reserve anything else until Mr. Holt opens the question of character.

Mr. Holt: Mr. Warren called at my office on Saturday morning, and my clerk well recollects his wearing an overcoat; that was about a quarter to one; and this coat was taken from the hotel at a quarter past one, and I have also other important testimony in my client's favour.

Julian Griz, clerk to Mr. Holt, of John-street, Bedford-row, said, Mr. Warren called at the office on Saturday, at a quarter to one. He had on a dark blue overcoat, double-breasted, with velvet collar and silk front facings. He received a letter addressed to him, under care of Mr. Holt.

The overcoat described by this witness would correspond with that taken from the prisoner.

By the magistrate: I have not seen the coat which Mr. Warren is charged with stealing. It was a fine cloth. I have seen him twice, and he wore a great coat both times.

Upon being requested by Mr. Wiseman to look at the ordinary frock coat prisoner had got on, this witness would not swear that that was not the great coat he described, it being faced with silk and double-breasted. He said the coat he saw Mr. Warren in was very much like it.

Mr. Clement Le Neve Foster, a gentleman residing at Truro, said: I know Mr. Warren. On Thursday evening last I saw him. He had on a great coat with a velvet collar. I did not notice the coat particularly. Mine and his were together, and I took up his by mistake. We were at Hampton Court, at a hotel. I also saw it early on Friday morning. We had been to a ball there. I was also with the prisoner at Wandsworth on Friday evening, from eight till a quarter past ten, at a friend's house. I did not see his overcoat then. I have not seen him since until now. There was a marriage at Hampton-wick on Thursday, and he was a groomsman. I believe he slept at Kingston on Friday night. He slept there on Wednesday at a hotel. I slept at Kingston on Friday night. I don't know where he went when he left me.

Mr. Wiseman: I will show that on Friday night the prisoner slept at the Grosvenor Hotel under another name. I have abundant testimony that on Saturday morning he left the Grosvenor without any over or great coat, for when he was gone some one went up into his room, and there was his great coat, and there it is now. I have sent for it.

Mr. Selfe: That is a material fact in the case, but the unpaid bills can have nothing to do with it.

George Parsons, hall porter of the Grosvenor Hotel, said: I know prisoner perfectly well. On Friday night, at about seven o'clock, he came to the hotel, and took a room in the name of Orlington. He came with a black bag and baggage. I do not know anything about the overcoats he brought with him. I believe he sent a messenger to the Craven for a coat. I remember seeing him leave the hotel on Saturday morning between nine and ten—perhaps after tea, or near eleven. When he left he had no great coat on or with him; only an umbrella. He was dressed as he is now. I have been at the hotel three years, and it is competent from my experience, seeing persons enter and leave, to describe their dress. I am certain he had no great coat on.

By the magistrate: His number is seventy-nine. He now occupies that room, and slept there last night.

The coat was produced from the Grosvenor, but was not such as described by the prisoner, or anything in appearance like that mentioned in the charge.

Mr. Holt (in explanation): The prisoner had two coats, a great coat and a travelling coat, when he arrived. This is one, and the other he took into the Westminster Palace Hotel with him, and, as you see, it was taken in substitution for this mentioned in the charge.

Mr. Selfe: That is just the thing I do not see. (Laughter.)

Parsons, hall-porter at the Grosvenor, continued: Before he left he went into the reading-room, and when I went there soon after a great coat and umbrella was gone. He returned to the hotel on Saturday night, and has been there since.

Mr. Handford, deputy manager and cashier of the Westminster Palace Hotel, cross-examined: Prisoner had not been in the hotel

before I saw him. I saw him coming up the steps. The hall porter called my attention to him before he came in. The hall porter said he did not like the look of him, and for that reason the prisoner was watched. He came in at about a quarter-past one, and this happened at about ten minutes to three. I think only our regular customers had been in and out the coffee-room while he was there, but I was not there all the time.

Mr. Heathfield, owner of the coat stolen from the Westminster Palace Hotel, said he left it on a side table in the coffee-room on Saturday morning. It had three books in the pockets, and there were two other books, one particularly heavy, lying on the top of it. When witness left the hotel he told the porter where he had left his coat, and the latter said it would be as safe there as in any part of the house.

Mr. Wiseman said that an application was now made for a remand on behalf of the Craven, the Charing-cross, and Grosvenor Hotels. There was a charge of a serious nature against the accused respecting the Craven. After staying there a few days he decamped, but being subsequently met with by one of the establishment and accounted for his bill, he gave a draft on some unknown person in payment, with a stamp upon it to increase its effect. The porters had been put on their guard against the accused.

Mr. Holt was about to address the magistrate on behalf of his client, observing that it was quite a mistake about this coat, when Mr. Selfe said: It will be useless to address me on the subject. I shall send the prisoner beyond all doubt for trial, and it will be for a jury to say whether he is innocent or guilty.

Mr. Holt observed that, under these circumstances, it would be useless for him to call the highly-respectable gentlemen whom he had present to speak to the accused's position and character. With regard to one of the claims for hotel charges against the prisoner spoken of he must observe, that when he heard of it he had written to say that accused was out of town, and would pay when he came back.

Mr. Wiseman observed, that he should have been willing to have had the charge against the prisoner for the coat disposed of summarily, but the other party had rejected his overtures.

Mr. Selfe now ordered the witnesses to be bound over to prosecute the prisoner for stealing the coat.

On the question of bail being discussed, Mr. Selfe said that he had taken merely nominal bail on prisoner being charged at a late hour on Saturday afternoon, because he did not like to send him to prison thinking there might be some mistake, and that the matter might be open to satisfactory explanation. He must now require him to find two sureties in £500 each for his appearance.

Mr. Le Neve Foster and Major Crosswell entered into the required sureties, Mr. Selfe intimating to the latter that he did not mean to suggest for a moment that in this case the prisoner would not duly surrender, but he had had reason recently to enforce the recognizances by three months' imprisonment of the party who had become bail; and if the accused did not appear this would be enforced.

FREAKS OF A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN AT MAIDSTONE.

In March, 1863, a man named John Devine was convicted at Brighton for felony, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude, upon which he was sent to Portland. While undergoing sentence there a lady—who has a brother-in-law engaged in an official position on the Maidstone and Sevenoaks Railway—visited the establishment, and from conversation with the prisoner took a great interest in him. About three weeks since a ticket-of-leave was granted the convict. On obtaining this the lady wrote to her brother-in-law to procure the ticket-of-leave gentleman work, which he did on the Maidstone and Sevenoaks Railway, in the Maidstone district, as a mason. Prisoner came to Maidstone about the above time and commenced work, taking up his abode at Mr. Smith's, in Scrub-lane, and agreeing to pay Mr. Smith 13s. a week for his board and lodgings. While with Mr. Smith he wanted the loan of his watch to "make him look like a gentleman," but as the acquaintance was of very short duration Mr. Smith respectfully declined. At the expiration of a week the Portland prince left his lodgings, forgetting to pay his rent and board. During the week, when engaged on the railway, he told his fellow workmen that he had £700 in the bank, which had been deposited there on his account for having saved the life of Mr. T——'s brother in the Crimea. At this time the ticket gentleman spent his evenings at the beer-house of Mr. Bird, in Fant-fields, who supplied him with beer ad libitum for men on the works. He also had provided a supper, to which he invited forty of his fellow workmen, who dubbed him a "hearty good fellow." A band of music was also in attendance, Mr. Bird paying for the whole on the strength of the "gentleman" withdrawing a portion of his bank deposit. While working on the line he became acquainted with Mr. Martin, of the Kentish Waggoner. On leaving his lodgings on the Sunday night he visited the house of Mr. Martin, where he fell desperately in love with a buxom blooming daughter of the worthy host. Whether the flame was returned with the same ardour or not cannot be said; but at any rate the ticket gentleman's prospects induced the young lady to consent to be led to Hymen's altar. Every preparation was actively set on foot for the marriage ceremony. Tailors, drapers, dressmakers, &c., were busily engaged on the work. For three days the gallant bridegroom kept Mr. Martin in tow, visiting sundry places in the town, among others the bank, where he took the precaution to leave the respected Boniface outside, while he went in under the pretence of inquiring about his money, for the purpose of blinding Mr. Martin. On the third day of courtship, unfortunately for the course of true love, the cup of bliss was dashed to the ground; an active police-constable of the Maidstone force, who had been on the convict's track, called on that day upon Mr. Martin and informed him that his son-in-law in the perspective was nothing more or less than a ticket-of-leave man, and that his bank deposit was all moonshine; whereupon Mr. Martin showed the convict bridegroom the door, and it was not long before he was on his road to Chatham, having first succeeded in obtaining from Mrs. Martin the loan of a crown to meet his immediate necessities. When at Chatham he commenced the same game, whereby he obtained sundry watches; but hearing, we may surmise, that the police were again on his trail, he was soon non est. Nothing since has been heard of him. Our ticket-of-leave gentleman is now no doubt carrying on the same course of winning young ladies' hearts, deluding beerhouse keepers, bliking tailors, and being toasted round as a hearty good fellow. He stands 5ft 8½in. high, is twenty-six years of age, with dark hair and complexion, and a mark over the right eye.—Maidstone Telegraph.

THIEVES AT A COURT DINNER.—The Grand Marshal of the Court at Berlin has given notice to the police that on the occasion of the state dinner given at the Court in honour of the Princess Alexandra's marriage, some ill-advised persons stole several pieces of plate, and in particular two silver dishes, ten large spoons, and five forks of the same metal, with a dozen spoons and forks in plated ware, without doubt supposed to be silver.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROSBY'S WARHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL LANE.—Superior Harmoniums from £4 4s. 6d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; a.s. all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free.—[Advertisement.]

VERY COMFORTABLE.—Persons can now have Teeta to replace those lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones, the Dentist, of 119, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park, has just exhibited a new system, with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose teeth can be covered and protected. No springs are used and there is no pain.—[Advertisement.]

TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF A BIGAMIST.

In the Old Court, Glasgow, before Lord Cowan, George Wortham Pearce, a smart-looking fellow, with fashionable whiskers and moustache, was placed at the bar charged with the crime of bigamy. In so far as on the 2nd of June, 1859, he entered into a matrimonial connexion with Jane McAdam Cameron, daughter of Wm. Cameron, some time pawnbroker, residing at 26, George-street, Glasgow, the marriage ceremony being performed by the Rev. Dr. Gillan, his first wife, Emilia Wevill or Pearce, to whom he was lawfully united in St. Peter's Church, Walworth, Lambeth, Surrey, being still alive. The accused, who pleaded "Not guilty," was defended by Mr. R. V. Campbell, who said that his statement was that while a student in London in 1844, and being then very young, he became acquainted with this Emilia Wevill, who kept a cigar shop. A marriage was celebrated, but he learned afterwards that he had been entangled by this person; that she had been previously married to a man named Homer, a student attending Oxford, and that consequently his marriage with Wevill was altogether null and void. That was the belief of the prisoner, and it was on the faith of that that he came down to Scotland, and while residing here married Miss Cameron. He (the prisoner) maintained that Miss Cameron was his lawfully wedded wife, and that he had not committed bigamy.

At the close of the case for the prosecution the clerk of the court read the following letter:—

"Chirnside, June 23, 1861.
"Emilia,—I am about to tell you what perhaps a man never before told his wife, that I am a villain, but I do so more for your sake and the children's than my own. Since coming to Scotland I have been living with a woman as if she were my wife. The offence by the laws of Scotland is a very serious offence, and punishable with seven years' penal servitude. This woman has followed me to Chirnside. Your last letter dropped from my pocket in the village, and the people, considering her to be my wife, placed it in the hands of the police, who came to me and asked if I knew anything about it. I, of course, denied it. They will write to you to know if you sent it to me, and if I am your husband. Upon your answer depends my fate. Of course, for my own sake (or indeed do I deserve it?) you will show me no mercy; and could I myself suffer without making you and the dear children do so also I would not care, but unfortunately it is not the case. My division here is broken. I expect very soon to be taken away. I have petitioned for London. Once over the border no one can harm me; although in London I know I can never live with you again as man and wife. But still I shall be near you and the children, and we can at least be friends; and I shall be able to get rid of this woman, who is sending me to ruin. Now I have told you the case exactly as it stands; and if you think that you can provide for the children when I am transported (for be so I shall if you give the exact evidence to the police) do so, and I will meet my fate and try to make my peace with my offended God; but if you will suppress the facts I will extricate myself as soon as possible, and endeavour to atone by all the means in my power my great cruelty to you. Pause well, and consider before you act. At any rate write, and let me hear from you before you answer the questions put by the police. I think they will enclose your letter and ask you to state if it was written to me, and if I am your husband. If you answer 'Yes,' I shall be directly apprehended, and nothing then will save me. I shall have my money from the collector on the 2nd, and will forward you £8 if I possibly can, or even more if the board grant me my periodical augmentation. I enclose you a directed envelope for your answer to me, and address this to your mother, so that the people here may not have any clue to my holding any correspondence with you on the subject. And now, Emilia, God bless you and the dear children, and should I be transported shall never see them again. For their sake, do not let them go forth into the world branded with the stigma of having a felon for a father. Once more, God bless you all, is the prayer of a most wretched husband and father."
"GEORGE PEARCE."

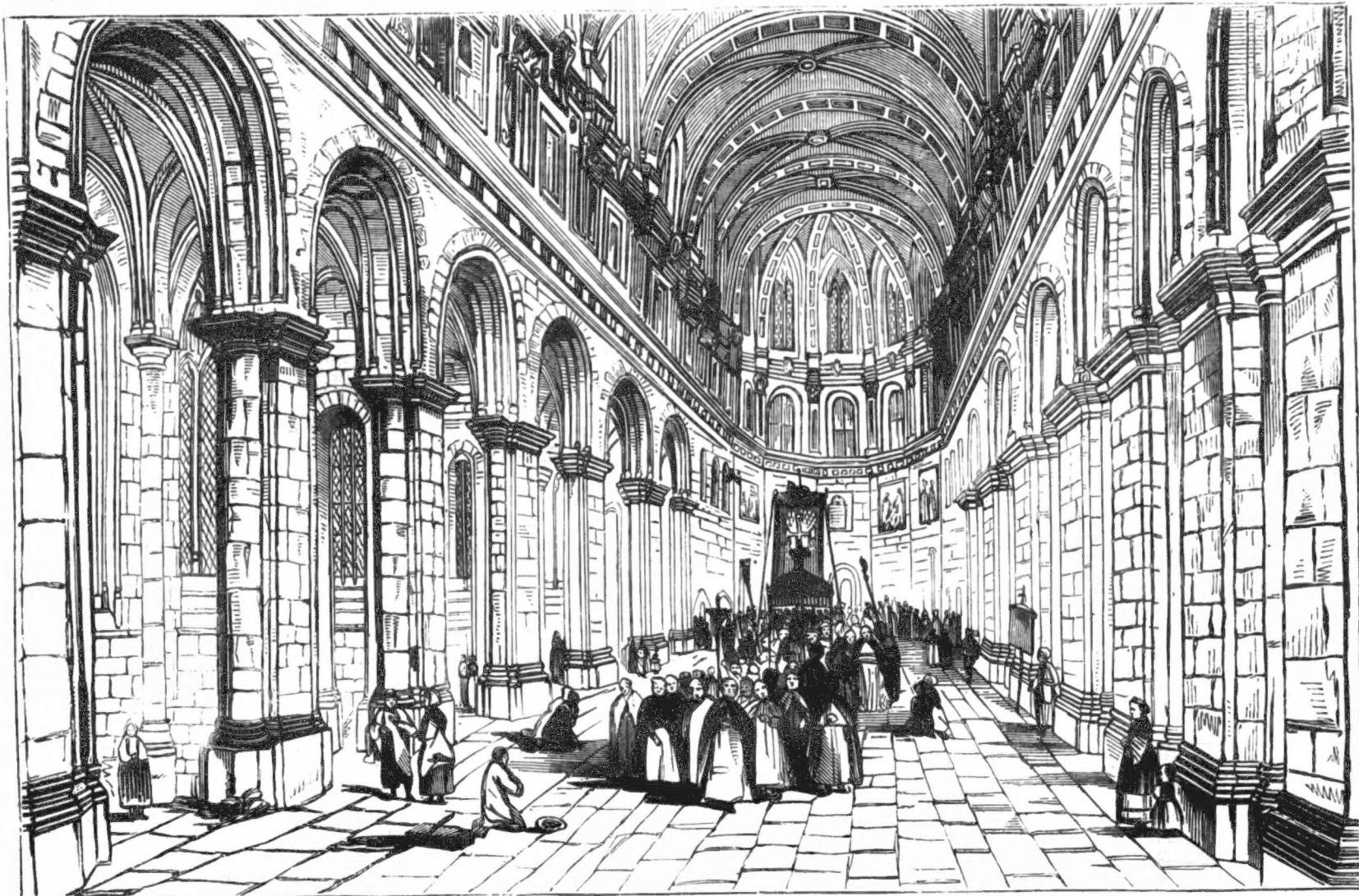
Evidence having been led, Lord Cowan summed up; after which the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of "Guilty" as libelled. The prisoner was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

A RACE AFTER A CRIMINAL.

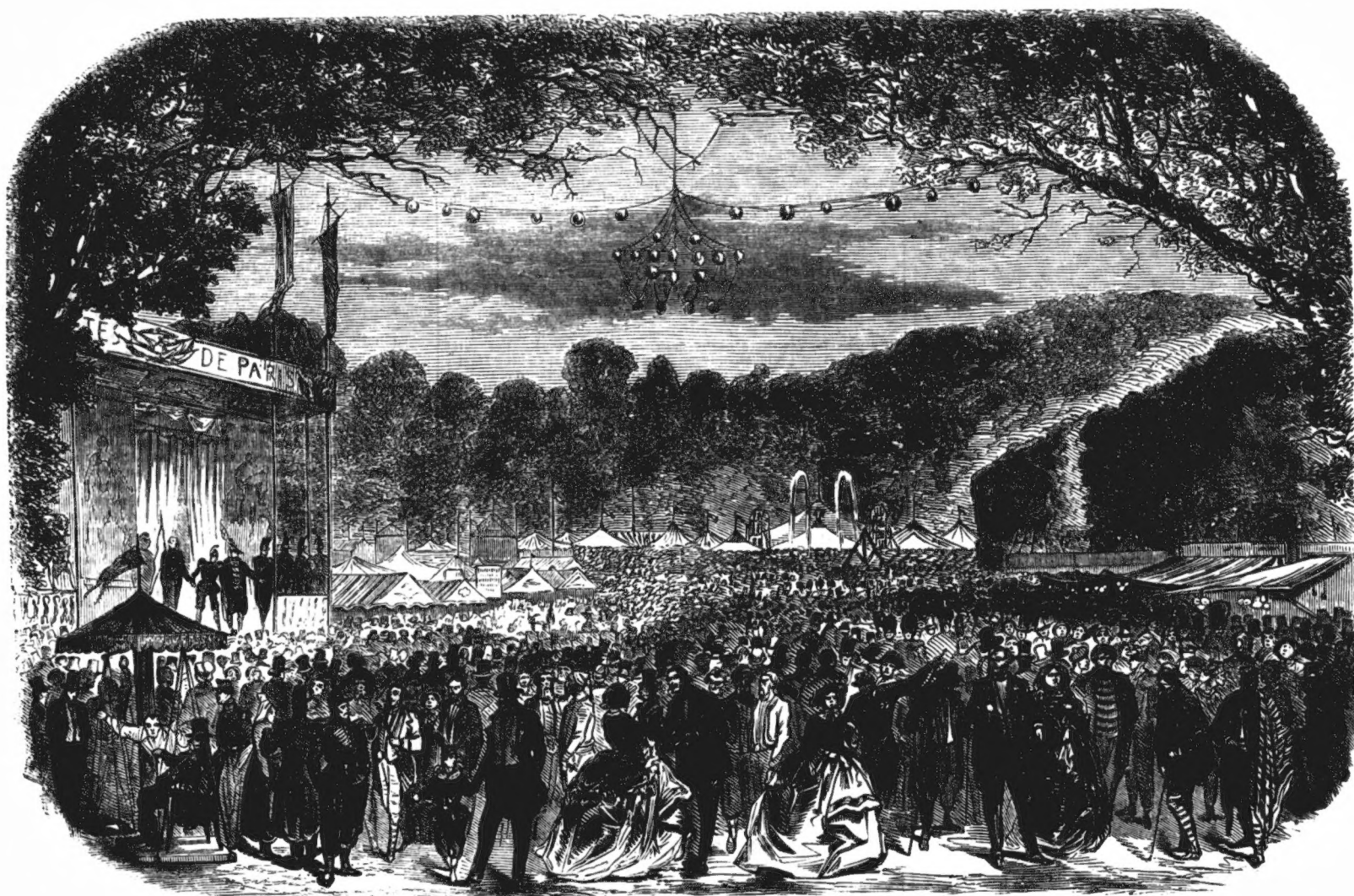
A RACE of rather an exciting character is going on at the present moment, the course being the broad Atlantic and the goal New York, and the circumstances are somewhat similar to those that occurred in the case of the notorious culprit Muller when he made his flight from this country after the murder of Mr. Briggs. The culprit on this occasion is a man named John Burton, who held a responsible position in the establishment of a City merchant, and who also holds the appointment of consul to a foreign State; and the crime of which he is accused is the forgery of a cheque for £800 upon the City Bank, Threadneedle-street. It would appear that, about a fortnight back, a cheque for the above amount was presented at the bank, purporting to be drawn by the firm to which the absconding clerk belonged, and the signature seemed to have been so well fabricated, and the cheque was presented under such circumstances, that no suspicion was entertained, and the money was paid. The culprit's plans seem to have been well laid, for he sailed in the Saxonia, one of the swiftest of the New York mail packets, on the very day after he got possession of his booty; and before the Saxonia was discovered he was far on his way across the Atlantic. His absence from his duty, of course, created suspicion, and this led to inquiry and to the discovery of the forgery. Inquiries were at once set on foot, and the matter was placed in the hands of Haydon, the experienced City detective, and he succeeded in tracing the fugitive. He ascertained beyond a doubt that the criminal had taken his passage on board the above-named vessel for New York in an assumed name, and that he was accompanied by a lady. Within four days of this discovery being made the officer had started in pursuit, and the two vessels are now making the best of their way to their destination. It will be remembered that in Muller's case that criminal took his departure in a sailing vessel, and that his progress was consequently comparatively slow, and the result was that although Inspector Tanner did not go after him until several days had elapsed, the steamer in which he took his passage outstripped the other vessel, and arrived at New York a long time before her, and the vessel containing the culprit was boarded by the inspector upon her arrival a short distance from New York. In the present case, however, there is no chance of the Saxonia being outstripped by her follower, and she will in all probability arrive at New York several days before the one in which the officer has taken his passage; and if he should make his way from New York into the interior, the chase may possibly prove a very lengthened one. It is anticipated, however, that he will make a short stay at New York after his voyage, and in this case the officer will be quickly on his track; and, as there is a treaty for the extradition of criminals between this country and the United States, there will be no difficulty in the culprit being delivered up and brought back to this country. It is believed that the culprit has nearly, if not the whole, of the proceeds of the forged cheque in his possession, and this will, of course, be recovered in the event of his being apprehended.

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!—T. R. WILKIN, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmoniums, London, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—[Advertisement.]

GERMAN FAIR AND MUSICAL PROMENADE (Open free) 95, and 98, High-street, Borough. Proprietor, Arthur Grainger, 348, High Holborn, London.—[Advertisement.]



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.—CELEBRATION OF MASS AT THE GREAT CHURCH OF THE JESUITS, ST. OMER. (See page 469.)



NEW YEAR'S DAY AT PARIS.—THE FAIR AT ST. CLOUD. (See page 469.)



DISTRIBUTING NEW YEAR'S GIFTS TO THE POOR AT WINDSOR.

DISTRIBUTION OF HER MAJESTY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFTS TO THE POOR OF WINDSOR.

On Monday morning, amid merry peals from the bells of the Chapel Royal of St. George, and the parish church, her Majesty's New Year's gifts to the poor in the parishes of New Windsor, Holy Trinity, and Oleser, were distributed in the shape of beef and coals to some 500 families. The ceremony took place at nine o'clock, in the presence of Mr. J. Jones (the mayor of Windsor), the Rev. H. J. Ellison, vicar, and the clergy of Windsor and district. Mr. Miller, of the Queen's establishment, and clerk to the royal kitchen, superintended the distribution. The following are the gifts issued to the parish of New Windsor:—Class 1, gift, consisting of 7lb. of

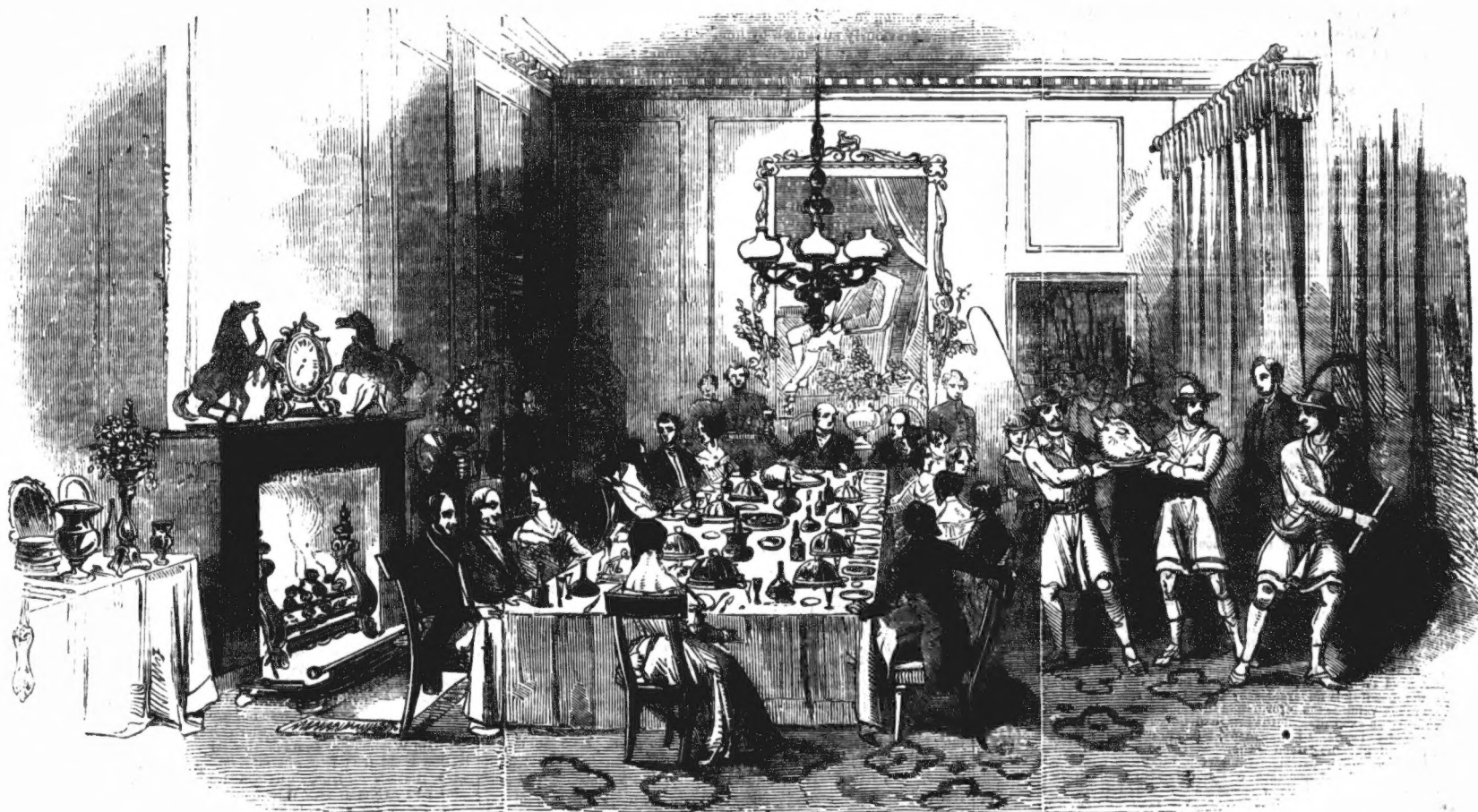
beef and 3 cwt. of coal—fourteen recipients. Class 2, consisting of 6lb. of beef and 2½ cwt. coal—thirty-four recipients. Class 3, consisting of 6lb. beef and 2 cwt. of coal—sixty-seven recipients. Class 4, consisting of 4lb. of beef and 1½ cwt. of coal—eighty-seven recipients. Class 5, consisting of 3lb. of beef and 1 cwt. of coal—108 recipients. The following is the list of Holy Trinity and Oleser:—Class 1, gift, 7lb. of beef and 3 cwt. coal—two recipients. Class 2, gift, 6lb. of beef and 2½ cwt. of coal—ten recipients. Class 3, gift, 5lb. of beef and 2 cwt. of coal—thirty-two recipients. Class 4, gift, 4lb. of beef and 1½ cwt. of coal—seventy-two recipients. Class 5, gift, 3lb. of beef and 1 cwt. of coal—sixty-five recipients. The pieces of meat, ticketed with their respective weights and spread upon the butchers' forms, were here and there decorated with holly. A very lively scene was presented during the distribution.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.

On the preceding page we give two illustrations of the celebration of New Year's Day in France. The first is the celebration of Mass in the Jesuit Church of St. Omer; and the other, the fair at St. Cloud. Business and politics all give way to the general festivities of this day in France, and in Paris all is gaiety and rejoicing.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY AFTER THE OLDEN TIME.

We give below an illustration of a modern Christmas party, introducing the old custom of bringing in the boar's head. We entered so fully into Christmas characteristics and olden customs, in our last, that we need not enter upon them further here.



A CHRISTMAS PARTY AFTER THE OLDEN TIME.—BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Now Ready,
**THE CHRISTMAS PART
OF
BOW BELLS.**

Amongst the contents may be mentioned the following new and original features, written expressly for this Magazine:—
The opening chapters of a beautiful story for Christmas, entitled
THE HUMMING BIRD,
by the highly talented author of "Twenty Straws," "Dora Riversdale," &c.

Illustrated by L. HURD.

We have also to place in the hands of our readers
THE SEALED PACKET;
AND WHAT WAS IN IT.

Consisting of six stories and one poem by seven popular lady writers; namely:—

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

By Mrs. GORDON SMYTHIES.

THE SPECTER OF AVOIDANCE PRIORY.

By Mrs. OWEN.

WOLFSKIN.

By MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

THE MAGIC WHISTLE.

By Mrs. WINSTANLEY.

A POEM.

By ELIZA COOK.

DIMSLEIGH GRANGE; OR THE EVILS OF A TOO-LATE REPENTANCE.

By EMMA WATTS PHILLIPS.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

By JANE PORTER.

(By whom, also, the introduction is written.)

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Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

A GUIDE TO THE LAW, FOR GENERAL USE.—A second edition of this work, by Mr. Edward Reynolds, barrister, has just been published by Stevens and Sons, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-Inn. The price is 3s. 6d.; or 3s. 10s. post free. The *New* of the World that speaks of the volume: "This is one of the most comprehensive law-books that have fallen within our notice, and it will be found extensively useful. The author supplies a digest of the laws upon an immense variety of subjects of general interest; and respecting which most persons, at some time or other, need information; and he writes in so easy and popular a style that the meaning is understood by an ordinary reader. This peculiarity gives much value to the information the book contains, since most books, devoted to an exposition of the law, can only be understood with the assistance of a lawyer. To the many, who are constantly in need of legal advice and guidance upon matters connected with business and everyday life, the author pertinently observes, 'and who either shrink from seeking professional assistance or seek it to their cost, a book of this description cannot fail to be welcome and of considerable benefit.' Nor will this class of persons alone derive advantage from its pages; for law-students will find it a very convenient 'hand book,' giving them in brief the substance of many statutes. We can recommend this 'Guide' as a really good work of the kind; and supplying an immense fund of legal information in a small compass, and at a very moderate price."

POST HASTE.—One of the earliest modes of despatching communications was that mentioned as being adopted by Cyrus, the first King of the Persians. A similar plan was contrived by Edward IV., who, in 1481, established at certain parts, twenty miles apart, a change of riders, that handed letters to each other, and, by this means, was enabled to send messages two hundred miles in one day.

B. T. R.—The English title of Knight is derived from the Saxon *cnicht*, or knight; Teutonic, a servant, and in all probability proceeded from their serving the king in his wars.

R. C.—You are in error. The Box tunnel is 3,680 feet long, 39 feet high, and 35 feet wide to the outside of the brickwork.

JOHN T.—The word *heroine* has the accent on the first syllable, and is pronounced *her-o-een*. The vowel-sound heard in the first syllable is the same which occurs in the same part of the word *hearing*.

JURIPER.—The first Act for laying an excise upon gin was, we believe, passed in 1736. At that time upwards of 7,000 houses in London sold gin by retail. The excise was 5s. per gallon, and each seller was compelled to take out a licence.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		A. M. P. M.	
D.	D.	A. M.	P. M.
6	S	5 19	5 38
7	S	5 57	6 17
8	M	6 37	6 57
9	T	7 19	7 42
10	W	8 19	8 42
11	T	9 16	9 49
12	F	10 24	11 1

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Isaiah 44; Matt. 5.

AFTERNOON.

Gen. 14; Rom. 6.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Epiphany is called Twelfth Day because it falls on the twelfth day after Christmas. Epiphany signifies manifestation, and is applied to this day because it is the day wherein Christ was manifested to the Gentiles. The 8th of January is dedicated to St. James, a priest and martyr, A.D. 290.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

Of whatever magnitude the recent disturbances in Jamaica may have been it would seem that peace has now been completely re-established. The civil jurisdiction has been restored in those districts where martial law was proclaimed, and all apprehensions of immediate danger at the hands of revolted negroes have completely subsided. But, nevertheless, we still look in vain for any evidence whatever to justify the assumption on which all parties in Jamaica appear to have proceeded—that the riot at Morant Court House was but the first scene in what was intended to be a bloody revolution, and that large numbers of the negroes, scattered over the whole colony, were leagued together with the object of exterminating the white population. We also look in vain for some definite accounts of the numbers of negroes who were either hanged or shot down for participation in the rebellion. Some sixty-five persons remain in custody, and will be tried before a civil tribunal under a special commission, and the legislature have gone out of their way to pass a retrospective Act providing for the punishment of certain offences committed not only during the existence of martial law, but within a period of six months after it was suspended. Everywhere one detects evidence of that species of strong dealing which by some is considered as the proof of "vigour," and by others as the result of panic; but nowhere can one discover that which, to an unbiased mind, would seem to be a justification for the course which has been adopted. Whether any one in either of the Chambers ventured to question the accuracy of the statement made by the governor, that the entire colony was in imminent jeopardy, we cannot say; but it is rather significant that he should have sent a supplementary message to the Legislative Council, accompanied by a communication from the military officer commanding in the western division of Jamaica, supporting the views previously advanced by him. This letter we have perused in the hope that it might set forth some facts to justify the governor's inference; but we fail to discover the grounds on which the governor thought the communication of sufficient importance to transmit it to the Assembly. Colonel Whitfield, in reply to a letter to Governor Eyre, dated eight days previously, requesting a statement of his opinion as to the condition of his district, writes:—"I quite agree with you in thinking that a seditious and disloyal spirit pervades the entire island, and that in all probability the negroes would rise if it were not for the presence of the military." But unfortunately Colonel Whitfield did not deem it necessary to advance any reasons for coming to this conclusion. Again, he writes:—"I think that a considerable amount of intercommunication has and is taking place between the disaffected in the different parishes, for I observe men of sullen and dissatisfied looks riding about the country in all directions." The inference, to use the mildest phrase, scarcely appears to be justified from these slender premises, and one can only regret that the gallant officer, after passing upwards of a week in obtaining information of the state of the negroes, could advance no stronger evidence of their disaffection than that one half of them looked "as if they would take much pleasure in cutting our throats." It is to be hoped that some more trustworthy evidence will be furnished to the commissioners who have left England for Jamaica.

Nor many nights ago several inspectors of police, accompanied by a squad of sergeants, escorted a party of gentlemen of the highest rank and social position into the Whitechapel district. Deep into the purlieus of vice this party penetrated, and their interesting inspection did not terminate until the "wee small hours of the morn." In this portion of London there is, as it were, a distinct nationality in existence. The kingdom of thieves is there firmly established, and the argot of the cracksmen and his associates, male and female, replaces the sonorous accents of our mother tongue. In that dank and fetid atmosphere, in hovels and dens bordering upon our dirty Thames, the contrast was vivid between the visitors, accustomed to all the refinements of life in its moral and social views, and the inmates, who regarded no laws nor morals excepting those laid down in the thief's code. There these gentlemen came in contact with the very lowest dregs of human society, and procured a near and startling view of hidden mysteries of London life, so often depicted in the pages of a sensation novel, and regarded by the reader as a fiction emanating entirely from the author's brain. This army of able-bodied men and women, competent in mere brute strength to

defy thousands of the police, bows in respect and reverence and humility before the moral power of the law as represented in the person of an inspector. No matter at what unseemly hour the known signal is given, the doors of brothel, boozing-ken, or other receptacle fly open without an instant's delay, and the untrammelled threshold invites him to enter. On the night in question the chief inspector exhibited one of those remarkable powers of the human mind by which the practised eye or ear is enabled to recognise every individual among the myriads assembled. A lifetime's practice in the service had familiarised his mind with the history and personality of that entire class, and he could call by name each man or woman whose features were shown. In many instances loud and excited language, indicative of a coming quarrel, could be heard; but the storm would pass away when the inspector, calling the man or woman's name, commanded quiet. The most remarkable of all the assemblages was at one music-hall, where the audience was almost entirely composed of children from six years upwards. About six hundred were present, and the proprietor stated that to be about the average audience, except on Saturdays, when the number would rise to one thousand two hundred. These children all had the same vocation, and were being educated for the same purpose. They were pickpockets, from the novice up to the most skilled performer. It was stated that some were present who, in certain respects, could put to shame all the feats of Professor Anderson. As an instance, that a handkerchief could be stolen without detection from the pocket of a coat over which two overcoats might be worn. What misplaced skill, and what study and application this demonstrates, which, if applied to a better purpose, would have made a useful artisan instead of a suspected and hunted thief. There are profits to be made in these places of amusement, for the proprietor of one has actually expended £14,000 in fitting up his establishment. We spend millions in philanthropic efforts to convert the heathen, who lives in contented ignorance thousands of miles from our shores. And yet here we have, under our very eyes, a heathen far more pitiable and far more deserving of our attention. Think of the hundreds of little children, who should be innocent by nature, and whom education might fit for worthy members of society, actually being reared by their parents or protectors with the single design of preying upon their fellow-men, the boys to become ruffians in time, and to grace the prison or the gallows, and the girls to be thieves and prostitutes early in life, and to descend into premature graves. Here is a field for labour pointed out, and immeasurable returns may reward the efforts of kind hearts whose attention might be called thereto.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Protect hardy annuals and other plants from frosts and winds. Branches of evergreens stuck in round them will be found an excellent protection through the present severe weather. Take up and relay box-edging, if patchy, when the weather will permit. Get in bulbs, such as anemones, tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, &c., without delay. Continue to pay attention to pits and frames, giving all the air possible in mild weather, but well protected should severe weather set in.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow a small patch of two-bladed onions on a warm border, somewhat thick, and protect with mats or litter in severe weather. Dig up and replant Jerusalem artichokes in well-manured and deeply dug ground. Trench out and replant horseradish. Give outdoor mushroom beds extra layers of dry straw or hay, and collect fresh droppings for early beds. If the seed-beds for cucumbers have been prepared, get in the seed at once in shallow pans or pots half filled with leaf mould, and, after sowing, lay a piece of glass over the top of the pots to protect them from the mice. Give cauliflowers in frames or under handlights plenty of air, and remove all dead leaves.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue tree-planting in favourable weather. Prune and stake raspberries, also manure and dig between rows. Remove old trees, or such as interfere with those of younger growth.

A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.—On the 16th Mr. H. M. Fay, recently agent for the Davenport Brothers, and who, it will be remembered, stoutly asserted that there was no truth about their "spiritual manifestations," entertained a number of persons at the Cooper Institute by performing the Davenport Brothers' feats: first under the conditions which the brothers demanded—that is, that they be enclosed in a cabinet concealed from the audience—and next, in open view of the house. The initial experiments were identically those which the Davenports made here last summer, and which they have repeated in the capitals of Europe. Messrs. Gilbert, of 293, West Nineteenth-street, and Battin, of Newark, New Jersey, were the committee whom the audience appointed to represent them on the stage, and Mrs. Fay, wife of the "medium," aided the committee in their duties. The "spiritual manifestations" occupied an hour and a quarter, and were in every particular as marvellous as any one might desire. The *expose* was commenced at 9.20, and at the beginning Mr. Fay counselled the spectators to keep a sharp lookout for matches, as some persons might strike a light. He then tied himself by a peculiar twist of the hand, and sat before the house apparently securely fastened. Then, dexterously unwinding the rope, he freed his hands, and performed on a drum, trumpet, and fiddle. Next the flour test was exposed. Mr. Fay was tied, and flour was placed in his hands. He quietly again untwisted the peculiar knot, tossed the flour from the left hand, drew a white handkerchief from his pantaloons pocket, wiped the hand, and exhibited it clean at the window; then, tossing the rope aside altogether, he took one half of the flour from the left hand, and, of course, had flour in both hands. After exposing other of the Davenports' deceptions, Mr. Fay informed his hearers that he entered the juggling business under the Davenports with the design of probing mechanical and electrical "spiritual" manifestations to the bottom, and that, having done this, he now proposed to unravel the mysteries before the public. He will appear again next week, and make further exposures.—*New York Times*.

SHELLING THE NATIVES.—Her Majesty's ship *Ourogoua*, Commodore Sir William Wiseman, has been cruising among the islands of the South Pacific. Before leaving one of the islands of the New Hebrides group, the commodore conceived it to be his duty to shell the villages in the vicinity of where his ship had been lying, on account of some complaints of ill-treatment offered (it is not stated who or how) to the sailors or missionaries. Twenty-six of the natives are known to have been killed at one place. The result of shelling at another island was not ascertained. Bishop Patteson, in the missionary schooner *Southern Cross*, was in company with Sir William Wiseman at some of the islands; and it may afford satisfaction to the friends of missions, both in Australia and England, to know that his lordship fully concurs in the propriety of the course adopted by Commodore Wiseman. Some persons in Sydney, however, are so unreasonable as to think that such wholesale massacres are not only inconsistent with the faith of which Bishop Patteson is a minister, but with the honour of the country under whose flag they were perpetrated.—*Sydney Empire*.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—We have already given the plot of the Christmas spectacle at this house, entitled "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp; or, Harlequin and the Flying Palace," and we now proceed to describe, if possible, the principal scenes. The first is a Street in Canton, which has an aspect of reality beyond which scenic illusion cannot possibly go. On either side of the stage is a row of shops. An archway, through which scores of pig-tailed natives pass and repeat, is seen at the top of the street, and a many-storied pagoda pierces the foliage beyond, and seems to touch a line of fleecy cloud. Here young Aladdin justifies his very lawless proceedings in an excellent song, and behaves with amusing impudence till tamed by the Chinese Cupid, and violently smitten with the pretty Princess Badrabadour. That young lady's progress through the street gives opportunity for the display of more golden "bravery," for, borne on a dragon-shaped throne by slaves, she goes to the Royal Bath in a magnificent dress, blazoned with jewels. In this scene is given a ballet called "Ka-In-Ka," a series of intensely original dances and picturesque groupings. Besides the population, and soldiers with their scythe-like weapons and grotesque masks, there are lines of attitudinized Chinese, who elevate their forefingers and wag their heads with the oddest effect possible. A party of very small Chinamen and women assist, and at length the immense stage is filled with a moving mass of brilliant but harmoniously-arranged colour. Of far greater length than usual, this charming ballet is a series of captivating surprises, and after a time the changes are rung upon musical glasses, which a certain number of ladies bring forward. Madlle. Duchateau dances to this novel orchestra, and the effect is uncommonly good. At a later period some extremely pretty combinations are formed with white feather parasols, and the ballet is peculiarly original from first to last. The great body of supernumeraries on the stage, and the magnificence of the scene renders this Street in Canton decidedly the most striking of Mr. Grivoe's tableaux. Besides Madlle. Duchateau, Madlle. Montero, Pancholdi, and M. Desplaces furnish some graceful solo dancing. Mr. Charles Steyna, who possesses considerable burlesque talent, creates abundant amusement as the Widow. Before commencing his search after the lamp, Aladdin pines with his amiable neocromantic uncle in the Cedar Valley of the Blue Mountains. The Enchanted Garden is a subterranean region of beauty most cunningly devised, and here, by the side of a calm lake, with jewels reflected on its surface, and tall silver palms growing on its banks, Aladdin finds the wondrous lamp. Another elegant ballet is here introduced, and every graceful member of the corps carries a coloured ball. The Flying Palace is another remarkable specimen of pictorial art, and is put out of sight with the rapidity necessary to illustrate the story. "The place where it formerly stood" is a charming bit of sea and moonlight. The Paynes have here an excellent opportunity of indulging in their peculiarities when they illustrate the ancient Chinese game of "Ti-Kel-To-Bl." As they were last year, these infatigable pantomimists are again the life and soul of the opening. The scene speedily changes to the Etreffe's Gloomy Haunt. This is represented by a thick screen of leaves, taking up the entire width and height of the stage. Through this screen, and to the strains of Mr. W. H. Montgomery's tastefully chosen music, an occasional glimpse may be taken of the brilliant world beyond. The leafy screen rises, and discovers one figure standing on a golden ball in the centre of the stage. The strongest light is thrown upon this figure, which appears to float on the surface of a clear lake. The transparencies then sink from view, and discover a view of the bottom of the sea, with every exquisite form of seaweed and coral. Long sprays then slowly rise from the bed of the sea, having symbols of flesh and blood at the end of each. In the front of this beautiful scene enormous musical shells open and discover more living and breathing loveliness, while at the back rises Apollo in a car drawn by white horses. Photos continues his upward flight while the orchestra plays the time-honoured "Glorious Apollo," and a flood of dazzling light is poured upon this splendid tableau. As a matter of course, Mr. Grivoe is nightly called on, and he is now identified with two of the grandest transformation scenes on record. Miss Rachel Sanger played the scampish young Celestial with considerable spirit. Miss Blanche Elliston looked extremely handsome as Badrabadour. The transformation proper introduces Mr. F. Payne as Harlequin, Mr. Harry Payne as Clown, Mr. Paul Herring as Pantaloon, and Madlle. Esta as Columbine. The Harlequinade consists of two scenes, full of pungent hits at the follies of the day, and displays of personal activity. The tiny drummer, Miss Blizzy Burgoy, performs a solo; and the drolleries of the last scene take place in front of "Bonnet's" Clock House in Chapsdale, where a living Gog and Magog strikes the hours. The pantomime is carried through without a hitch, and must be seen to be fully appreciated.

ASTLEY'S.—The Christmas fare at this house is entitled "Harlequin Tom Tom, the Piper's Son, Pope Joan, and Little Bo-Peep; or, old Daddy Long-Legs, and the Pig that went to Market and the Pig that stayed at Home." The plot works upon all those nursery rhymes, but how they are connected it is difficult to tell. However, four fairies, Good Temper, Good Music, Good Cheer, and Good Fun, who are expected to preside over all Christmas festivities, remove every obstacle, and introduce the audience in due order to the Hazardous Pool of Pope Joan in the Palace of Diamonds, where is held a great congress of cards, dominoes, and dice; the Interior of the Cottage of the Village Piper, where son is Tom, the Piper's Son; Bo-Peep's Meadow, a Pork-pie Pavilion, and the Grand Hall in the Castle of Daddy Long-Legs. Tom, who has sworn to his lady-love, Bo-Peep, to punish Daddy Long-Legs, who has stolen her sheep, there succeeds, by means of an enchanted whistle pipe, in throwing the establishment into a general commotion and its respected owner down stairs, which feat being highly satisfactory to Bo-Peep, terminates that part of the performance, still transports the audience into a Fairy Haunt, in which Miss Caroline Parkes appears in the triple pantomime characters of Clown, Pantaloon, and Harlequin. The curtain next rises upon the Submarine Retreat of Mother of Pearl, where we are introduced to a large army of "funny-uns," comprising both cavalry and infantry, sprats, mackerels, herrings, turbot, &c.; when the animated fishes are called upon to follow the fortunes of Tom, the Piper's Son; and then again, in the Transformation Scene, we sink into the water, not amongst the fishes, however, but upon a coral reef, the haunt of nymphs. This scene is probably one of the finest which has been placed upon the stage. It opens with a view of the coral reef through a thick, hazy sea, in which the gracefully posed groups of nymphs appear to be floating. As the water becomes clear, an effect which is produced by raising a great number of gauze curtains, fresh objects, the fair and misty outlines of which before were alone visible, gradually develop themselves, until the whole becomes one mass of light and beautifully blended colours, which lose their unpleasant gleam from the steadiness with which the intensity is increased. The extraordinary production must be seen, as it is impossible by description to convey even a remote idea of its grandeur and at the same time remarkably pleasing effect. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Charles Brew (the inventor, designer, and painter) are highly called before the curtain. In the harlequinade several novelties are introduced, amongst which are an exceedingly clever one-legged dancer, called, "La Fera Donato," and the "Infant Wonder," George Parker, with his performing pony. The dresses, appointments, and, in fact, the entire pantomime, is deserving of the highest praise, and will no doubt draw full houses during the whole of the season.

CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. Nelson Lee's pantomime here is called "King Flame and Queen Pearlydrop; or, Harlequin Simple Simon, and the Pretty Marmaduke at the Bottom of the Sea." The opening, of course, has been invented by Mr. Nelson Lee, and the songs, &c., have been supplied by Mr. Lee, jan. They are of a better class than the majority of those of a similar character elsewhere. Miss Georgiana Smithson has again been engaged, and as Young Constant, the lover of Pearl, the pretty Marmaduke (Miss Harriet Webster), she both looks well and acts well, and her songs and dances are exceedingly well received. She is well supported by Miss Weston, and the voices of the two blend most harmoniously in the duets, which are founded upon the most popular tunes of the day, as are also the songs. Mr. W. H. Walters makes up capital as Simple Simon, and his vocal powers contribute in no small degree to the success of the opening, while his comic scenes with Old Gollywobble (Mr. W. Prescott) and his daughter Beauty (Mr. T. Nierney), belong to the broadest school of humour. Mr. Prescott and Mr. Nierney both act capital, and the last-named gives a most droll representation of the love-sick maiden, and manages, in the attire of a lady, to be funny without being vulgar. With Young Constant, Old Gollywobble, and Simple Simon, he is supposed to belong to earth, while the watery element is the most prominently represented by Naughtylus (Mr. G. Lewis), Shark, Neptune's lawyer (Mr. Lawrence), Queen Pearlydrop (Miss Emily Gibson), and Anne Obovy (Miss Emma Marchant), in addition to Pearl. Miss Gibson commands a whole host of mermaids, syrens, and nymphs, and looks as nice and pretty as water queens are supposed to be, and if Miss Emma Marchant is a fair representative of the "funny splinters," the bachelors must have a happy time of it at the bottom of the sea. Mr. G. Lewis makes a good burlesque actor, and among others we may favourably mention Mr. Edgar Ross, who plays King Flame. He appears in a very cleverly contrived scene—the Interior of a Volcano—which also introduces a little red-hot sprite called Fireball, who could hardly have been entrusted to a better tumbler than "the wondrous Carl," the most agile member of the Oantrell Family. The masks of the representatives of the devastating element—Red War, Vesuvius, Destruction, Havoc, Rapine, Slaughter, &c., are capital, and among these may be mentioned a warlike head with horns to represent periwinkles, huge pins being placed in their hands as weapons of offence and defence. Naughtylus introduces the "Indian basket trick," and there are various hits at the topics of the day introduced in the opening. The scenery is of a really beautiful character, and the manner in which it is worked reflects the highest credit upon the machinist, Mr. Burckett, and those under him. Under the Sea and the Illuminated Caves are perfect masterpieces of art, and they compare favourably with even the transformation effect, which may be termed a series of gorgeous pictures. When the transformation is supposed to arrive at the full stage of development, the effect is both novel and gorgeous, and if only on the score of originality, Mr. Herbert is entitled to the hearty plaudits with which he is nightly greeted. The Harlequinade scenes have been painted by Mr. Williams, and the action arranged by Mr. Frederick Marchant, and the latter has gathered together a good and a bustling troupe to carry out the comic business. A Betting Office and Savings Bank, Bennett's Great Clock in Chapsdale, and a Haunted Lodging House afford Mr. Wilkins Moleno a fair opportunity of displaying his humour and agility as Clown; and in the Lodging House scene he is fairly irresistible. He is well supported by Mr. W. Lay, as Pantaloon; Mr. Charles Paulo, as Harlequin; Miss Emma Marchant as Harlequin; and Miss Silvana Stevens, as Columbine. The Oantrell family are also engaged in the Harlequinade, but their admirable performances are too well known to require comment.

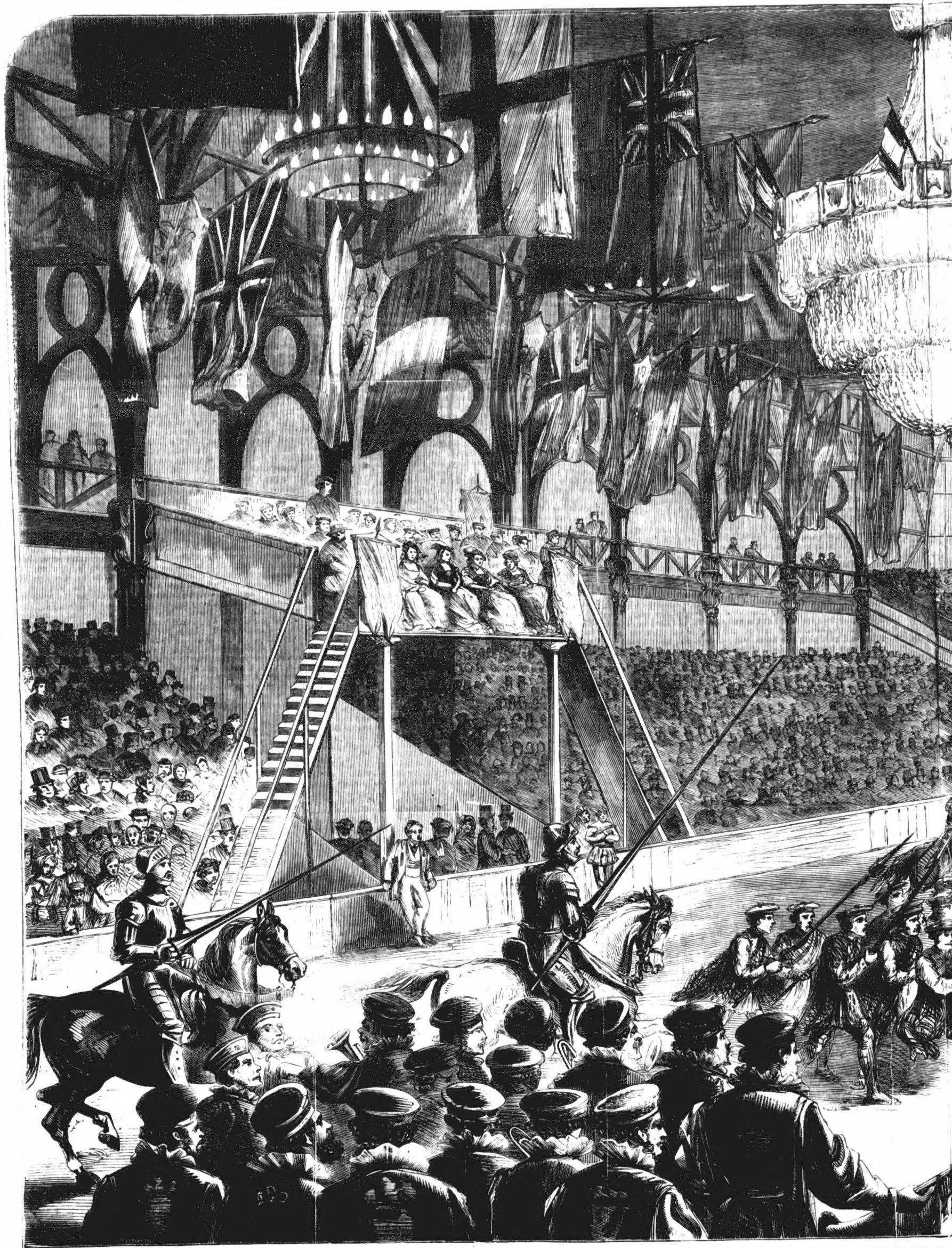
STANDARD.—The pantomime here is "Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, Baker's Man; or, Harlequin Bah Bah Black Sheep. The songs and music of the opening have been arranged by Mr. Isaacson, and the beautiful scenery painted by Mr. Richard Douglas and Mr. J. Neville, the first-named of whom has thoroughly excelled all his previous efforts. A Village Green and View of the Meadows, where live sheep are introduced, as well as a novel effect representing a flight of swallows, is a most charming picture of country life, and not the least important feature of it is its quietness and simplicity. Lots of fun takes place in front of it—jumping in socks, climbing the greasy pole, donkey racing, and other rustic sports being introduced. The Pastime Palace in the Domain of King Chess, where the Kings, Queens, Pawns, &c., are represented by capital contrived masks, is also a good scene, of a totally different character, however, to the ballet picture, the Mystic Gateway of the Pixies, which has been painted and set in a very novel and beautiful manner. It occupies the whole length of the stage, and ranged along each side are a host of fairy forms, who go through some graceful evolutions with coral branches and bells. The tinkling of the latter have a very pretty effect, and the various groupings testify to the good taste of Miss Amelia Newham, who has again had the management of the ballet. The Interior of the Enchanted Bakehouse, with the demon bakers at work, is another of the leading sights of the opening, which is full of life and bustle. Doughland, the baker king, is personated with much humour by Mr. Henry Walton. He is well supported in the opening scene by Mr. Chapman as Holobolusorism, and Mr. J. Gardiner, as King Chess. Squire Obovy, one of the most important personages in the development of the plot, is personated by Mr. J. Wrench, who took it at a short notice in consequence of the illness of Mr. Wright, the author of the comic scenes, for whom the part was cast. The company is very strong in lady vocalists. Miss Lizette Watson appears as Jack, the Squire's Valet, and her rendering of parodies on "The Donkey Cart," "Constantinople," and other musical-morocco: Miss Constance, who has been labouring under hoarseness, appears as Freddy, who is chosen by the fairies to make the magic cake, and, like Miss Lizette Harrison, who dresses beautifully, and looks very handsome as Fancy, she has not failed to sing all the music assigned to her. With Madama Lombard, Miss Watson, Mr. Wrench, and Mr. Walton, however, she has taken part in some concerted pieces, and "Come where my love lies dreaming," arranged as a quartet by Mr. Isaacson, as well as the Laughing Chorus from "Orpheus," will be one of the best things in the opening when her fine contralto voice gains its old power. A parody, "When Freddy comes marching home," is given with much comic force and power, as well as a finale by the leading characters prior to the display of the Transformation Scene, the Glowworms of the Glim and Haunt of the Igus Fatuna. No fewer than sixteen changes take place before the splendour is fully shown, and some novel mechanical effects, for which the aid of Herr Kossnow's patent horizontal steam-shaft again has been brought into requisition, are introduced. The whole scene has been beautifully conceived, and it could not have been produced without a vast amount of expenditure upon the part of Mr. John Douglas, who has taken the superintendence of the pantomime in hand. The Harlequinade company comprises Mr. Frederick as Harlequin, Miss Amelia Newham as Columbine, Mr. C. Andrews as Pantaloon, De Jean and Elvino as Sprites, and Mr. J. Green and M. Giovannelli as Clowns, and the customary amount of fun and excitement goes on during the comic scenes, which lead us on to the Palace of Flowers in the Realm of Fancy.

BRITANNIA.—The Christmas novelty here is "Old Daddy Longlegs, and Sir Regent Orosus." Mr. S. Lane has again employed all the resources of his immense establishment upon its production. The gorgeously attired young swell, Sir Regent Orosus, is one of those characters in which Mr. S. Lane especially delights, and one giving every opportunity for the display of his talent as an actor, vocalist, and dancer. Mr. Florence Johnson plays the ex-vizier, Haddi Ambar, with the true spirit of burlesque. She

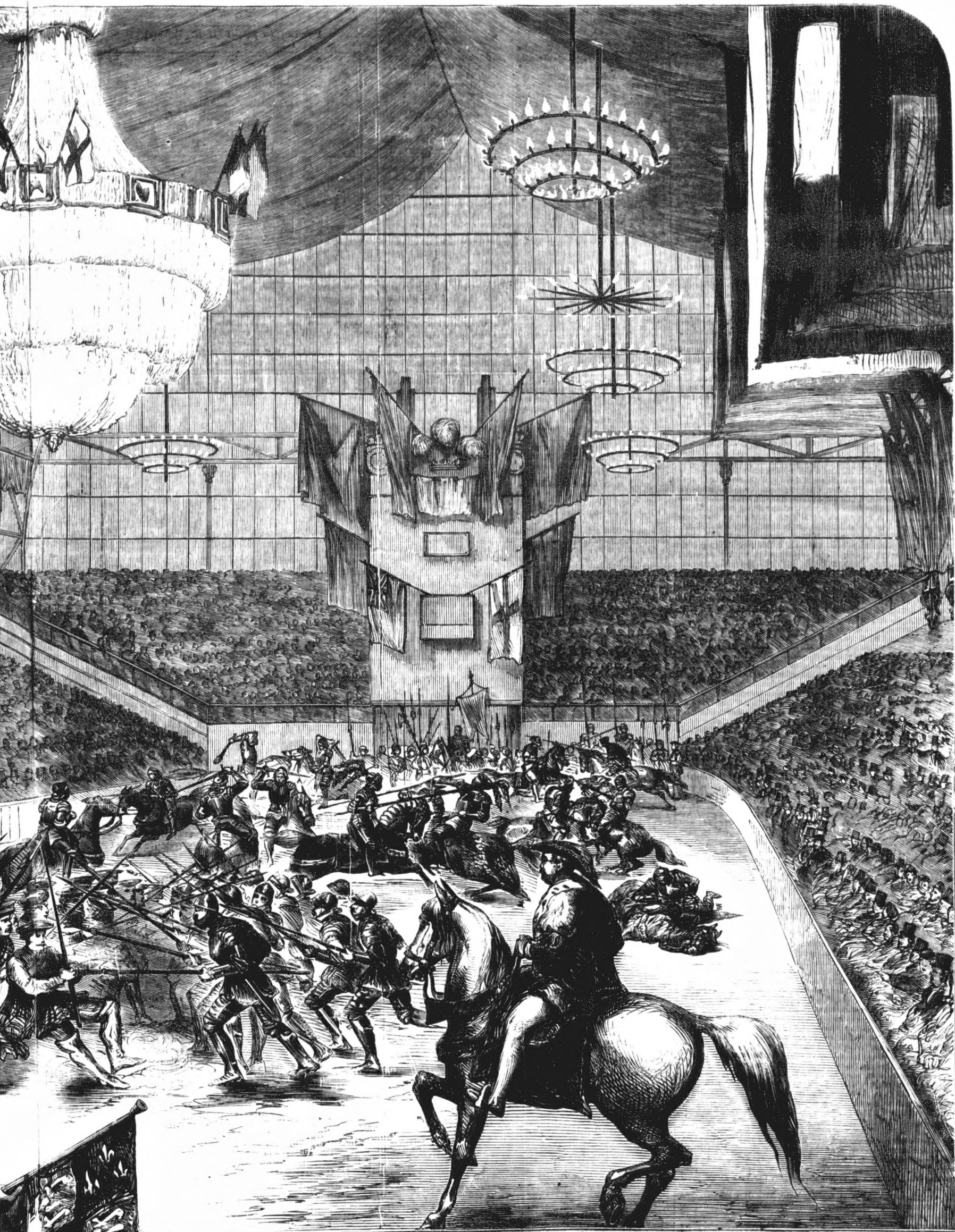
dances extremely well, and manages her voice with great judgment. Sir Regent is attended by a squire, Little Brilais (Mr. G. B. Bigwood), whose make-up is as droll as his acting. Much fun is afterwards produced by his being mistaken for a clown (Mr. B. Leslie), Haddi's dragonman, a married man with a numerous and affectionate progeny, whose domestic duties of affection become as irksome as those of their fond mamma, the dragon, but inconveniently corpulent Fatima. Mr. B. Leslie's personation of this ancient female is one of the best specimens of pantomime talent in the opening. That incarnation of insect villany, Daddy Longlegs, who is constantly seen when not wanted, is amusingly personated by Mr. E. Bell. The masks are extremely good, and the make-up of the demon, Gnat, is excellently contrived. In one of the scenes a capital effect is created by the poisoning of some beetles, who refresh themselves upon a vermin killing preparation, and turning on their backs, immediately expire in fashionably-expressed agonies. Messrs. T. Rogers and H. Muir again divide the scene-painting honours between them. The ballet takes place in Fairland at Break of Day, a region of delights incalculable, tastefully designed by the last named gentleman. Madlle. Celeste Stephens appears and dances with her usual graceful animation. The first of Mr. T. Rogers's views is the Port and Harbour of Campana, and his talent is strikingly set forth in the Transformation tableaux called "Opus Magnum Elaboratum." The first part of this elaborately constructed scene represents a screen of pink bell-shaped flowers, from which rises a fairy standing on an enormous gill butterfly. Both the insect and the lady soar gradually upwards, and disclose a lake dotted with water lilies, and on the surface float Queen Brilliant, in a car drawn by swans. A large framework rises at the back, and under this arched pavilion, ladies, in dresses of rich and glittering material, are placed. A wonderfully brilliant effect is secured by a row of gas jets marking the outline of the arches, and shining through long drops of green and white glass. This is the crowning glory, and Mr. Rogers comes in for an enthusiastic reception. The duty of directing forward the pantomimists is divided by Haddi and Sir Regent. In every scene of this opening the music is appropriately chosen. The pantomimists are as follows:—Harlequin, Mr. F. White; Clown, Mr. J. Louis; Pantaloon, Mr. W. H. Newham; French Clown, Signor Benanti; Sprites, Mons. and Madams Sternbach; Columbine, Madlle. Celeste Stephens. Mr. J. Louis is a capital Clown, and deservedly an immense favourite with the Hoxtonians. He is well seconded by Mr. Newham as Pantaloon. Madlle. Stephen is continually fitting across the stage when the fun is at its height, and M. and Madams Sternbach may, if only for the lady's sake, be counted the most attractive Sprites in London. Mr. Benanti not only appears with his automaton Clowns of smaller proportions than himself, but has added a dog and a monkey to the happy family of dummies. The comic business is always brisk here, and this year the practical joking of every description is kept up with extraordinary animation.

THE VICTORIA.—Messrs. Fenton and Frampton have entered with their usual liberality and skill for the general delight of the holiday folk. The present pantomime, by Messrs. Fenton and Mr. W. Osman, is placed on the stage in the most brilliant manner from first to last. "Old Esop; or, Dr. Syntax and his Animated Alphabet," is received with the heartiest demonstrations of approval. Esop is played by Mr. George Yarnold, and his fables are illustrated in more than one instance as the opening proceeds. Besides having to sing some excellent parodies, and make many severe but truthful remarks upon human nature, Mr. Yarnold is called upon to illustrate the "Hanky Panky" professed in presence of a gigantic Sphinx. As a classical and antique Stollare, he produces a Pascoah's serpent, and helps to clear the way for the transformation. Miss Maria Daly appears as Dion, son of Orosus, and the most irresistible of lovers. Miss Fanny Morgan, in a costume which enthusiasts would call "ravishing," performs the heavy, royal, Persian swell, named Perlander. This promising young Oriental lights his cigar parodies Mr. Arthur Lloyd's "Swill" song, and overcomes all kinds of impediments with a jaunty "a chance" very refreshing to witness. The two Kings of Lydia and Persia, Orosus and Oyrus, are performed by Mr. J. Howard and Mr. J. O. Levey. The former is very amusing as the old monarch who gets parodied in the royal bath, and has his kingly wardrobe stolen. His Majesty of Persia and his deformed servant Hamper Dumpty (Mr. G. Stretton), enter on a real thoroughbred little Jerusalem, and, being mildly bullied for making use of that animal, carry him over a bridge, which breaks down. Miss Musgrave and Miss Mionetti perform the two Princesses Helena and Oresida, and Mr. Bradshaw makes up exceedingly well for the giant Chang, whose castle is stormed by Dion and Perlander. The Rocky Cell of the Fairy Bees introduces us to a number of highly important personages—Queen Honeydew (Miss Heathcote). Her principal subject is Sweetlips (Miss Ellen Powell), afterwards Columbine, and she is surrounded by a bevy of graceful young females in pretty dresses. The little jester to this fairy court is Lady Bird (Miss Marchmont), a privileged small party, who absolutely "chaffs" the sage and red-headed Esop, and is facetiously familiar with her Majesty of the Bees. Miss Lizette Wright is a very pretty and lively Oriole. A number of insects are introduced in this scene, and the imitations of nature are very cleverly managed. The Snail, and his opposite in pace, the Grasshopper, and the Spider, the last capably performed by a young acrobat, Elliott, come in for a large share of applause. In this ballet scene Miss Ellen Powell dances in a very graceful style. Mr. Frampton (under whose supervision the entire pantomime is produced) always invents an elegant ballet, and this important part of the proceedings is calculated to satisfy all demands of the public. Gas is extensively employed on the stage during this scene, the petals of gigantic flowers in different parts of the stage being represented by the jets. Throughout the opening there is no scarcity of paws and neatly worded allusions to public topics; in fact, the whole burlesque is well written, and the many effective parodies very pointedly worded. Mr. Harry has made the musical selections with care and taste. Though Mr. F. Fenton is scenic artist in chief, he has been assisted in his labours by Mr. Julian Hicks. The transformation scene is a very striking one, and, as we have a bevy, which takes up very much of the stage, and a quantity of gas, discovers fairies grouped inside. A screen of gauze which rises at the back, and gas is again employed, which inflicts gas on the dazzling effect of this really beautiful scene, which, however, its originality as regards design notwithstanding, is met with. The greatest delight is expressed by the audience, as the successive changes culminate in the perfect opening of the "Fairy Hive," and Mr. Fenton is nightly summoned to receive the commendation of the audience. Mr. Bernard Sylvester is the Orosus, and exhibits his proficiency as a Flaxmore, and is exceedingly versatile in his various styles of dancing. The Greenwich Hospital scene, where a detachment of the corps de ballet perform a very pretty dance, is another of Mr. Frampton's inventions, and a welcome variety in the comic business. Mr. W. J. Hall is the Harlequin, and takes the leaps well; and Miss Ellen Powell a highly-efficient Columbine. Mr. H. Marchant, as Pantaloon, disappears with a bound through shop windows, after the manner of his companions. The Elliott Family are exceedingly clever as Sprites, and some parts of their performances really wonderful. The Alphabet is illustrated, letter by letter, in rhyme and action, and this course of pleasant study goes through the four comic scenes of the harlequinade till Neptune and the Nereides are seen laying the Atlantic Cable, and the curtain falls on one of the most amusing and instructive pantomimes of the year.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.—We shall resume a notice of other pantomimes and Christmas entertainments in our next.



THE GRAND HISTORICAL TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL



FURNAL HALL, ISLINGTON. "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD." (See page 474.)

THE TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

We this week devote our two middle pages to a large engraving of the grand tournament which nightly concludes the varied entertainments at the Agricultural Hall. Those who visited the building a few weeks since, when fat bullocks, sheep, pigs, agricultural and domestic implements, roots, seeds, immense cabbages, and other miscellaneous items, which make up the Smithfield Christmas Cattle Show, will wonder by what mighty enchantment such a show as our picture vividly portrays could possibly have been realised in little more than a week—yet such is the absolute fact. Instead of short-horns and long-horns, Southdowns and Leicesters littering the ground, with sturdy butchers, farmers, and cattle-feeders busy around, the Agricultural Hall now presents the view of a vast baronial hall, and a grand knightly pageantry of olden days takes the place of our present John Bull's Christmas characteristics.

Yet many of the ancestors of England's nobility who went in for prizes at the late cattle show, entered the list for competition on "the Field of the Cloth of Gold," upwards of three hundred years ago, and now re-presented at the Agricultural Hall, with all the vividness and reality of the actual event, in a manner certainly unsurpassed before.

The contrast is indeed great; and this has been brought about, not by the magician's wand, now creating such wonderments at the various Christmas entertainments, but by the energetic business habits and liberality of Mr. Baskin, the lessee, and his experienced circus manager, Mr. John Henderson.

The first thing that strikes the eye on entering the building is the effect of the lighting and illuminations. These important matters were entrusted to Messrs. Deifies and Sons, and they have, as is their usual wont, displayed in the execution of the grand and magnificent system of lighting adapted to the hall an amplitude of resources, manufacturing facilities, and an artistic skill of the very highest order.

The grand chandelier—the largest ever constructed, and designed expressly for this occasion—is truly a gigantic piece of workmanship; and, presenting as it does an entirely new feature in its combination of light and decoration, deserves especial notice. In addition to the immense size of this magnificent chandelier, it has been so artistically treated as to render it one of the chief decorations of the Hall. With its shields, flags, helmets, ribbon, and other heraldic emblems, in crystal, gold, and silver, it blends happily with the true baronial style of decoration adapted so successfully to the interior of the building, and presents to the beholder a coup d'œil of imposing grandeur; the play of colours, and the brilliancy of light reflected from the whole mass of crystal, producing a most dazzling effect. It is composed of hundreds of thousands of pure crystal and coloured spangles, octagons, and prisms.

The preliminaries to the grand spectacle are very varied, and consist of a series of equestrian and other entertainments, the most remarkable of which are the extraordinary performances of Herr Otto Mottl, a German juggler, on horseback; the rival giants, a comic act by the clowns; Joan d'Arc, by Madame Bridges, from the Cirque Napoleon; Mr. John Henderson on the flying wires; Mlle. Rose Maszotta in a daring act on a swift steed; the wondrous Jean Bond on the magic ladder, and the German rider, Herr Gerard Goldschmidt. There are also Roman chariot races, still more exciting competition with couriers, each riding and driving four horses; bare-backed steeds, steeple and hurdle races, vaulting and somersault throwing, which, together with the graceful performance of the beautiful and highly-trained horse of the manager, Soliman, ridden by Madame Brides, forms in itself a programme quite sufficient for one evening's entertainment. The event of the evening, however, is the "Chivalrous Tournament," founded on "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," the pageant connected with which employs upwards of 100 horses, men in 250 suits of real armour, and 500 performers. The parts of Henry VIII and Francis I are severally sustained by Mr. J. H. Pearson and Mr. Giuseppe; Queen Catherine, Madame Tactot; Queen Claude of France, Miss Hunter; Queen of Love and Beauty, Miss Hanson; and Le Duc de Bourbon (Champion Knight), Mr. J. Henderson. The procession is marshalled with the greatest care, and the marching, led by the band, who were evidently trained soldiers or volunteers, under Mr. Sibold, bandmaster of the Victoria Rifles, is unexceptionable.

A few words upon the fact itself—"The Field of the Cloth of Gold"—will enable our distant readers to better understand the historical picture presented in our illustration.

In the year 1520, the monarchs of England and France, Henry VIII and Francis I, agreed to a friendly interview, partly from the political objects of their respective Governments, and also from a proud desire to see and be seen by each other in their kingly magnificence. Pageantry and show were the passion of the age, and upon this occasion there arose an irrepressible rivalry between the two kings to outshine each other in the pomp of royal splendour—a rivalry into which the nobles and courtiers of the two monarchs readily and enthusiastically entered.

King Henry set out on the 4th of June of the above year for Guisnes, accompanied by his queen and the Court. He was attended by all the noblemen and gentlemen of his household, one cardinal, one archbishop, one marquis, eight earls, eighteen lords, a great number of knights, and a large body of guards and servants, together with the followers of his courtiers, in the different degrees. The queen was attended by three bishops, one earl, three lords, thirty-three knights, one duchess, seven countesses, fourteen baronesses, nineteen ladies of knights, and many gentlemen, besides all the ladies, officers, and servants of her immediate household. The suite of Cardinal Wolsey was nearly as numerous as that of the king. The prelates, lords, and ladies, vied with each other in the richness of their dresses, and the number of their followers.

The first meeting between the two monarchs was in the valley of Andern. Francis rode with a brilliant cavalcade. Trumpets, accoutrements, and clarions on either side sounded a triumphant blast, the two great monarchs descended from the hills into the valley of Andern, and embraced each other on horseback. They then alighted, and repeated the salutation, and entered arm-in-arm into a superb tent prepared for their reception, and entirely covered with cloth of gold. They banqueted sumptuously, while the French and English nobles and officers fraternised and feasted.

A field was then prepared for tests of arms, 900 feet long and 320 feet broad, divided from the spectators by wide and deep ditches. The two kings, with seven chosen knights of each side, hung their shields; and then the two queens entered the arena, saluted each other, and took their places upon gorgeous thrones erected for them. The sovereigns, heading their appointed companions, richly apparelled, made their reverence to their royal ladies, and then took their stations for the tournament. The French king was the first that entered the lists; he rode valiantly, and broke spurs mightily. Henry acquitted himself with so much vigour, that at the second tilt the sturdiness of his blow disabled his antagonist. And then the heralds cried out to disarm, and the trumpets sounded a truce.

The sports were afterwards taken up by the knights and nobles, and continued throughout the week. Then followed joustings, games, and banquetings, which lasted twenty days, and were closed by Cardinal Wolsey performing a solemn high mass and pronouncing benedictions and indulgences upon the two kings, their queens, and loyal followers.

The spectacle produced at the Agricultural Hall is the grandest equestrian representation of this interesting historical occurrence perhaps ever attempted, bringing to the view of the spectators, in the form of a Christmas entertainment, and a splendid tournament, a realization of the gorgeous display that attended the meeting of the two great kings.

ALLEGED FENIANISM IN LONDON.

At the Thames Police-court, on Monday, Michael Butler, aged fifty-three, of No. 2, Vine-court, Whitechapel, shoemaker, and Thomas Farrell, thirty, of No. 45, High-street, Mile-end New-town, boot and shoe manufacturer, were brought before Mr. Paget, charged "with procuring and persuading, at the parish of Whitechapel, John Farrell, a private soldier, to desert from her Majesty's 6th Carabineer Guards, for the purpose of taking up arms with the Fenians in Ireland against the Government of Great Britain; also with having in their possession, and not giving a satisfactory account of the same, a gun bayonet and case, seven leather pouches, six leather belts, two pairs of boots, a pair of spurs, two stocks, and three brushes, supposed to be the property of her Majesty's War Department."

Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, defended the prisoners.

John Farrell, a tall and intelligent man, who gave his evidence with great correctness and propriety, said: I am a private in the 6th Carabineer Guards, quartered at Kensington Palace. On Saturday afternoon I had leave of absence from my barracks, and was taking a walk in Kensington, when I met with a man I had seen before. I don't know his name, but I know him by sight. He asked me if I was on leave, and I told him I was. He took me by rail to the City, and from thence to a house in Whitechapel. I know it well. I saw the prisoner and eight others there. They were all drinking. I made sure of the house, and pointed it out to the police again. I was introduced to the prisoners and others by the party I met at Kensington. They were all drinking whisky, and giving out toasts to the grand idea. Farrell drank to the grand idea, and then handed me a glass of whisky. He was beckoned outside the door of the room. The prisoners then took me up stairs, and the man I met in Kensington accompanied me to the room. Butler went to a drawer, and took out a quantity of civilians' clothing, which he put before me. I asked him what he meant. He said, "If they don't fit you we can get more; put on a suit of men's clothes; join your brothers in Ireland." I refused to put on the clothes, and they said I had better do so. I insisted on leaving the room. I said, "Allow me to go out of the room. I will not put on the clothes." The man I first met with, and who made his escape, took out a book—it appeared to me to be a prayer-book—and offered it to me to take an oath upon. He said, "Take it in your hand; repeat after me;" but I did not do so. I made a rush towards the door, and Butler laid hold of me, and told Farrell to pull the clothes off me and not let me go out. Farrell said he would change my uniform immediately, and send me away to Ireland. At nine o'clock on the following morning I made my way out of the house into the street, and made it my business to look for a policeman in the street. He made his escape, and I pursued him and caught him again.

In cross-examination by Mr. Charles Young, the witness said: I am an Irishman. I have been nine years in my regiment. It is now stationed at Kensington Palace. I had leave of absence on Saturday from four o'clock in the afternoon until one o'clock on Sunday morning. I did not meet the man in Kensington by appointment. I was taking a walk, and met him. I don't know his name. I had some ale with him. He was like an Irishman in manner and dialect. I should say he was an Irishman. I thought I was going on a spree with him. I never thought of deserting. I went from Kensington Station to Moorgate-street. The prisoners offered me raw spirits. I received a glass, but did not drink it, and put it down again. I should say all the people in the house in Whitechapel were Irish, and they appeared to be enjoying themselves. I could not make out what they were at first, but when I did find them out I got out of the house as soon as possible. I have heard of Fenianism in Ireland. I thought what the prisoners said to me was more than a joke. I thought at first, when I saw them drinking, that it was a family affair. The attempt made by Butler to pull my clothes off was not a lark. He pulled off the shoulder knot from my uniform.

Mr. Charles Young: That will come off very easily. There are only two or three threads of cotton. Did you not think the whole transaction a lark?

Witness: I could not believe it a lark to induce a soldier to desert. I am confident that was what was meant. I will not swear all the party in the house were drunk. Some of them were drunk. I will not swear the prisoners were the worse for liquor. I do not believe it was a song-book on which the third man offered to swear me. It appeared like a prayer-book. I believe the prisoners intended to detain me against my will. When they had me up stairs they had a great advantage over me. I have met with my fellow-countrymen before, and enjoyed myself with them, but they were not Fenians. I had met the third man before. I know him, but am not acquainted with his name and address.

Porter William Dunaway, a detective sergeant, No. 11 H, said that on Saturday night he went to the house No. 2, Vine-court, Whitechapel-road, with the soldier and several police-constables, and in a back room on the first-floor he discovered the things mentioned in the charge-sheet. There was a soldier's kit and stock marked R.H.A., the initials of Royal Horse Artillery, and some other things marked No. 5 B, R.A., meaning No. 5 battery, Royal Artillery. He took Butler into custody, and told him he was charged with endeavouring to induce a soldier to desert from the army. Butler said he knew nothing about it.

Mr. Paget: Were the prisoners sober?

Dunaway: Both men were perfectly sober.

Inspector Holloway, of the H division, who ordered the house in Vine-court to be searched directly the prisoner Farrell was in custody, said that person delivered to him a pocket-book containing a £5 note, £2 10s. in gold, and some memorandums relating to military affairs.

Mr. Paget asked for the papers, and was informed by the inspector that they were locked up in a cupboard at the Leman-street station-house. The magistrate said he must see them, and directed them to be sent for, but finally ordered that the memorandums should be produced on the next investigation.

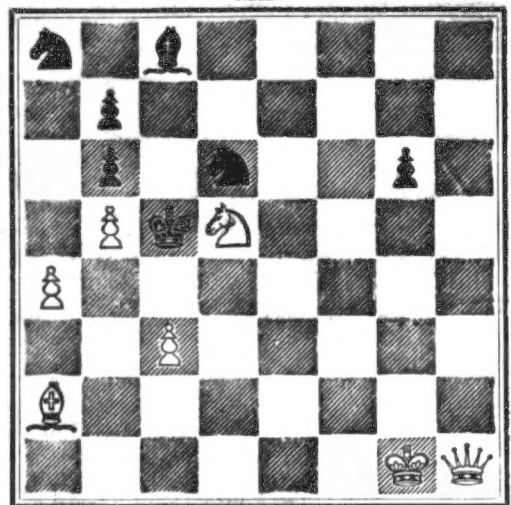
The prisoners were then remanded, bail being refused.

The largest fly-wheel in the world has just been cast at the Fort Pitt Works, in Pittsburgh. The molten iron was conducted from the furnace across one of the streets of the city, a distance of one hundred and sixty-three feet, to the mould. The diameter of the wheel is twenty-five feet, and its weight forty-two tons.—*American Paper.*

PAIN-EXPELLER.—CLARK'S PAIN-EXPELLER.—This invaluable preparation, the wonderful properties of which have now for some time been well appreciated by a disordered public, is proved in a thousand instances to have alleviated the diseases and sufferings of infancy and childhood. Chagrin, rashes, boils, sores, and skin eruptions of every description, scalds, burns, ringworm, chilblains, cuts and bruises, crabs and wheezing at the chest, have all in their turn yielded to its judicious and persistent application. It is in few cases efficacious in removing those distressing ailments which weary and dispirit persons of mature years, whilst its healing, soothing, and palliative qualities recommend it beyond all question as the great panacea for those outcures and irritating affections so frequently attendant on an advanced period of life. Numerous well-authenticated instances can be adduced of rapid cures, and permanent relief in severe cases of rheumatism, sprains, white swellings, scalds, boils, ulcers, bad humors, ringworm, whitlow, elephantiasis, sore throat, dysentery, &c. &c. In the head, lumbago, chilblains, corns, defective or in-grown nails, peeling off of the skin of the hands, chapped and cracked lips, wheezing in the throat or chest, scurvy, kinks, bruises, piles, and fistula, &c., &c. No person, whether his or her station in life, should be without this Family Outcure, indispensable alike to the traveller, the sportsman, and the householder, to whom its manifold virtues will prove a source of comfort and economy. Sold wholesale by W. Clark, 75, Baker-street, London, W., and retail by chemists throughout the world. In pots at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. each. Agents in every town.—*Advertisement.*

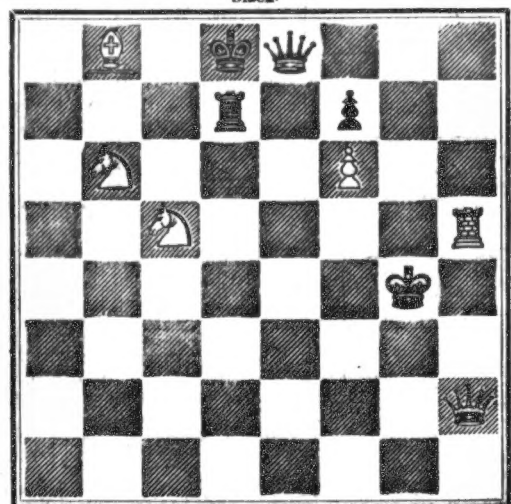
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 822.—By C. W. (Sunbury).
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 823.—By F. JOHNSTON, Esq.
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game recently played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne (blindfold), whilst conducting nine other games simultaneously without sight of board or men.

White.	Black.
Mr. J. H. Blackburne.	Mr. Lewis.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P to Q 4
3. K P takes Q P	3. P takes P (a)
4. K Kt to B 3	4. Q takes P
5. Q Kt to B 3	5. Q to Q square
6. P to Q 4	6. B to Q 3
7. B to Q 3 (b)	7. K Kt to B 3
8. Castles	8. Castles
9. Kt to K 5	9. B takes Kt
10. P takes B	10. Q to Q 5 (ch)
11. K to B square	11. Q takes K P
12. Q B takes B P	12. Q to Q B 4
13. Q to K square	13. Kt to Q 4
14. Q to K B 4 (c)	14. P to K R 4
15. Kt takes Kt	15. Q takes Kt
16. Q B to Q square	16. Q to Q B 4
17. B to B 3	17. B to K 8
18. B to K Kt 5 (d)	18. Kt to B 3
19. B to B 3	19. P to K R 3
20. B takes R P	20. P takes B
21. Q takes B P	21. K to B 2 (e)
22. B to K 3	22. Q to Q 3
23. B to K 2	23. Kt to Q 5
24. R takes Kt	24. Q takes R
25. Q takes B (ch)	

BLACK DESIGNS.

- (a) 3. P to K 5 is more usually played at this point.
(b) White has already obtained a marked superiority in position.
(c) Preferable to 14. Q to K 4, as Black would in that case, reply with 14. Kt to K B 3.
(d) This looks a little like lost time. He might apparently have played R to K B 3 at once with greater advantage.
(e) He has obviously no better resource.

TERRIFIC FIGHT BETWEEN TWO TIGERS.—A very exciting scene took place at Sunbury on Tuesday evening last, at Manders' Menagerie. After the close of the last exhibition, when the animals were being fed, two of the largest tigers in the menagerie pounced upon a joint of meat placed in their den; and after a great deal of struggling for the possession thereof, the ferocious beasts commenced a furious onslaught on each other. The battle raged long and furiously, the animals both being lashed into a state of the utmost rage. Mr. Manders immediately sent a messenger for Macommo, the lion tamer; and that intrepid African, without a moment's hesitation, entered the den, and confronted the tigers on their own ground. Armed with a thick iron bar, Macommo laid on both the combatants, and in a few seconds terminated what at first glance appeared to be a deadly encounter.—*Blackburn Standard.*

YOUNG'S ANTI-SCALD OINTMENT AND BUSSON PLASTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Observe the Trade Mark—H. Y.—without which none are genuine. May be had of most respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale Manufacturers, 16, Carthusian-street, Aldersgate-street E.C. London.—*Advertisement.*

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacturer, Ipswich.—*Advertisement.*

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MARLBOROUGH STREET.

SOMETHING LIKE A SWINDLE.—A gentleman waited upon Mr. Knox and made a statement as to the way in which a lady had been treated by a pretended firm in London, in the hope that by its gaining publicity other ladies might be placed on their guard. The gentleman stated that Miss Parkinson, of Ewood-bridge, near Ramebottom, Lancashire, having seen in the *Manchester Times* and *Advertiser* an advertisement of the sale by Mr. Baxter, who gave the address 103, Tottenham-court-road, of a consignment of silks at reduced prices, wrote to Baxter for patterns, and received the following reply:—

"103, Tottenham-court-road, London, Dec. 20.

"Mr. Baxter regrets that, having sold off the major part of the silk consignment advertised, he is unable to forward the requisite patterns Miss Parkinson has applied for. He has, however, requested Messrs. Lawrence, of 56, Seymour-place, Bryanston-square, who hold a portion of the consignment, to send samples to Miss Parkinson, and she may rely upon being fully satisfied with whatever she may purchase of them.

"To Miss Parkinson, Ewood Hall."

"On the same day Miss Parkinson received with the patterns of silk the following letter:—

"56, Seymour-place, Bryanston-square, Dec. 20.

"Messrs. Lawrence, by request of Mr. Baxter, of Tottenham-court-road, have pleasure in submitting a few specimens of silk from a late French consignment. Miss Parkinson may rely upon finding any selection she may decide upon fully equal to patterns. Every yard in perfect condition, indeed the goods are far more elegant to see in the piece. Any purchase not giving satisfaction can be returned, and the money will be refunded in full. In all first transactions it is respectfully requested that cash, by post-office order, or bankers' order on London bank, be remitted with the order for the goods, as delay is thereby saved. Miss Parkinson would particularly oblige if she could return the patterns by next post, as the demand for them is great, and should she favour Messrs. Lawrence with an order at the same time the goods would be sent off in season to reach her on Saturday. P.S. Post-office orders should be made payable to Archibald Lawrence at the Oxford-street money order office.

"Miss Parkinson, Ewood Hall."

Miss Parkinson selected several patterns and ordered pieces, which, at the prices marked thereon, amounted to £16 15s. 6d. and she remitted half notes, value £15, and a Post-office order for £1 15s. 6d. On Saturday last she received the following letter:—

"56, Seymour-place, Bryanston-square, Dec. 22.

"Messrs. Lawrence are in receipt of Miss Parkinson's esteemed order, enclosing halves of notes and Post-office order. Miss Parkinson must kindly look over Messrs. Lawrence's objection to deliver goods for half notes. It is the rule in the trade not to receive them, as many rogues have thus forwarded merchandise and failed to receive the second halves of the notes. Messrs. Lawrence are far from wishing to impugn Miss Parkinson's entire integrity. They merely request this as a special favour, this being a first business transaction.

"Miss Parkinson, Ewood Hall."

Miss Parkinson upon the receipt of this letter wrote to Messrs. Lawrence that they were as great strangers to her as she was to them, and if they declined to send the goods they had better return the half notes and Post-office order, but to her letter she had received no reply. The gentleman further stated that on applying at No. 103, Tottenham-court-road (Messrs. Barclay and Sons, grocers), and at No. 56, Seymour-place, Bryanston-square (Mr. Hands, tobacconist and newsagent), nothing was known of either Mr. Baxter or Messrs. Lawrence.

CLERKENWELL.

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE ON A MARRIED WOMAN.—Charles Purnell, a young fellow about 20 years of age, was charged with committing a gross outrage on Mrs. Rebecca Murrell, a married woman, residing in the neighbourhood of the Oldendon-road. Mr. H. Allen, prosecuting officer of the Associate Institute for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, watched the case. The complainant was returning home at about twelve o'clock, and when passing down the Oldendon-road she was assailed by the defendant, who pushed her into a doorway, and without saying a word attempted to take indecent liberties with her. She screamed for assistance, and managed to get away, but she was followed by the defendant, who again caught her, lifted her clothes, and behaved to her in a very improper manner. He got her into a doorway, and said he would effect his purpose, when her cries brought a police-constable to her assistance, who took the prisoner into custody. The prisoner had been drinking a little, but well knew what he was about. The complainant was a hard-working respectable woman, and there was not the slightest blemish on her character. The shock she had received owing to the violence made her very ill. The prisoner said he had no defence to make, as he was drunk at the time. The magistrate said that this was a most outrageous assault, and sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for three calendar months.

ROBBERY OF VALUABLE GOLD WATCHES.—Thomas Williams, aged 35, a journeyman watchmaker, who gave his address, 30, King-street, Clerkenwell, was charged with stealing, at 4, Compton-street, Clerkenwell, nine valuable gold watches, value £75, the property of Mr. Charles Fackler, watchmaker and jeweller. The prisoner had been in the employ of the prosecutor for some time, and on the 21st of last month he left him in charge of his shop, with two gold watches to repair. A short time after the prosecutor had left, a box, containing eight gold watches, was brought, and the prisoner received them on behalf of the prosecutor, and gave a receipt for them. The wife of the prosecutor saw the prisoner pack up his tools and leave the shop, and on her going in to see that all was right, she was surprised to find that the prisoner had taken with him the box of new gold watches, and also one of those that had been given him to repair. She at once proceeded to the shops of Mr. Ashby and Mr. Wood, pawnbrokers, and gave information of the robbery, and also a description of the prisoner. She also communicated with the police, and the numbers of the watches were the next day printed in the police-list; and one of those lists was left at every pawnbroker's in the metropolis in the course of the morning of the 22nd ult., the morning after the robbery. Two of the stolen watches pawned on the day of the robbery by the prisoner, at the shop of Mr. Ashby, pawnbroker, Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell, were produced, as was one pawned at Mr. Wood's on the same day, and identified by the prosecutor as his property. Police-constable Ronger, 199 G, an active plain clothes officer, said he wished to call the attention of the court to the conduct of the pawnbrokers in this matter. Although this robbery was committed on the 21st, and information was given to two of the pawnbrokers on that day, yet three of the watches were taken in pledge and no information was given to the prosecutor or to the police. On the following day a list was sent round to every pawnbroker in the metropolis, containing a description and the number of each watch; and yet, though all the watches were pawned not more than three days after the robbery, the pawnbrokers had not said one word to the police about the matter. He had succeeded in recovering the duplicates of six of the watches. The prisoner said he was guilty, and it was his first

offence. The magistrate said it was a case for trial, but he should remand the prisoner for the attendance of all the pawnbrokers. It was a most extraordinary and suspicious circumstance that the pawnbrokers, having had notice of the robbery and also the numbers of the watches, had not taken the slightest notice, and had not given the police the least information. Such conduct clearly looked to him more than suspicious, and would be taken notice of at the proper time.

MARYLEBONE.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN A POLICE CELL.—Emily Cunningham, described as a servant, was charged with being drunk and incapable, and also further charged with attempting to commit suicide. George Ford, 91 D, said: About half-past ten on Saturday night I saw the prisoner very drunk in Carlisle-street, Lisson-grove. As she was quite incapable of taking care of herself, I took her to the station-house. John Wake, 168 D, stated that he was on duty in the station-house, and after the charge was entered he, in company with the inspector, took her to the cells. They had scarcely locked the door when they heard a heavy fall, and on going into her cell they saw that she had tied a piece of string tightly round her neck, and that she was all but strangled. They at once removed the string, and left two constables to watch her. Mr. Yardley inquired if she was known. Mr. Stanley (the chief usher) and Mr. Arnold (the gaoler) said she had been there twice before charged with attempting to commit suicide. Mr. Yardley said he must commit her for trial. The prisoner stated that she was going to service the next day. Mr. Yardley observed that she would make a fine specimen of a domestic servant. Anne Grover said she was a boot-binder, and sometimes she (the prisoner) got some money from her husband and sometimes worked for her. That was how she got her living. Mr. Yardley remanded her for a week, and then he said it was very likely he should send her for trial.

WORKSHIP STREET.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS SHIRT.—Jane Barnes, a burly woman of 45, with sudden features, and a voice known in police courts by the quality of "foggy," was charged with stealing a soldier's shirt. Michael Ryan, a fine-looking young fellow, in the uniform of a private of the Royal Artillery, said: Your honour, last night I was snupwrecked—that is, I was drunk; there's no mistake about it. I went to the theatre in Whitechapel, and I afterwards found myself in a cab with an ungodly Christian of a woman, and she took me to Billingsgate, I think. A constable at this point explained that the prisoner was a prostitute, and had taken the soldier to Flower-and-Dean-street, in Spitalfields, a most notorious place. Prosecutor: Well, it's no matter where. At any rate, I found myself in bed with her this morning. Where is she? Where is the ugly-looking beggar? (Heogling her in the dock) Oh! yes, that's she. Well, but she looked well enough, I thought, last night, when she had a veil on. Oh, yes, there's no mistake about it, I did mean to stop with her then. Well, when I looked for my shirt she told me she had sent it up Brick-lane to pay for the bed. Why did she do that? I wanted it. I asked why she didn't take money. I had plenty of that, and have now, but I had only one shirt. There is my own name and regimental number on it. I shall get into trouble about it. It was vexing to find all my clothes and no shirt. My leave of absence expires shortly. What am I to do, your honour? Magistrate: We must try to find your shirt. I shall remand this woman. Soldier: Am I to come up against this woman any more? Magistrate: You can do as you like about that. Soldier: No, I can't, your honour. I can't come at all unless your honour sends to Woolwich for me. Magistrate: Very well, if I want you I will send. Soldier (singing): Thank your honour. (Then, as he passed the prisoner) I never saw you before, and I don't want to see you again. Please have my shirt found. Prisoner was remanded.

ONE OF NELSON'S MEN.—Among many applicants for assistance from the poor-box, the greater number of whom were widows and aged persons, was a man whose bowed form and weather-beaten, furrowed countenance unmistakably betokened hard service afloat. The applicant's name is James Ludford; he is now seventy-five years old. In the year 1802 he was sent by the Marine Society, at Deptford, which had previously taken care of him, on board the *Acheron*, bomb ketch, lying at Woolwich, in which he proceeded to Tonlon, and joined the fleet there. In company with the *Arrow*, the *Acheron* sailed for the Mediterranean, where they were fired into and captured by two French frigates, which afterwards burned one of their prizes. Ludford and others were taken prisoners to Malaga, then in possession of the French. An exchange of prisoners followed. Ludford was sent to Gibraltar, and thence was drafted on board Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, lying up the Straits. He was employed there as a messenger and attendant on the officers, and was afterwards taken as a servant by Mr. Reeves, the gunner. In the action of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805, while carrying powder to the thirteenth or fourteenth gun on the middle deck, he was struck by splinters on the thighs and legs, and immediately carried below into the bread-room; and while the surgeon was attending to his wounds, Nelson himself was brought there, suffering from the injury that terminated his glorious career. Ludford was afterwards sent again to Gibraltar, returned to England, and was paid off at Chatham, where, through the influence of a Doctor Batten, or Batty, surgeon of the ship, he was presented with £10 by some gentlemen connected with Lloyd's. On the 24th or 25th of March, 1814, he went once again to sea, that time on board the *Newcastle* frigate, and, in company with the *Leander*, proceeded to the American station. At the conclusion of peace he was paid off at Woolwich, and after enduring many vicissitudes was thrown into a mode of life quite apart from that mentioned—he earned a scanty pittance as a bill-sticker and porter at auctioneers' sales, and is known by the officers of this court as an honest and worthy fellow. Mr. Cooke earnestly examined two large frames containing sketches of Nelson's victories, and another resembling a mausoleum, which it was once proposed to be raised in commemoration of the same, and told the old man that it was gratifying to be shown them by one of Nelson's men, and more gratifying to be their possessor, with the knowledge of having shared in many of the scenes which they depicted. A sovereign was handed to him from the poor-box. Ludford has never had a pension.

SINGULAR ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—Charles Watternell, 34 years of age, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by cutting the veins of both his arms with a knife. Mr. Abel Bushor, a shoemaker, living at 31, Austria-street, Bethnal-green, said that the prisoner lodged in the same house, and was by trade a looking-glass maker. On the 5th ult., from what witness was informed, he went up-stairs to his room, and found him lying on a bed bleeding from both arms. The veins were cut, and he appeared to have lost a vast quantity of blood. Mr. John Robins, a paper stainer, who resides at 33, the next house to last witness, gave corroborative testimony. Appx. 303 N division, deposed that after Dr. Barnwell had given immediate assistance he took prisoner to the hospital, from whence he brought him, but he was still exceedingly ill. Mr. Bushor, the first witness, in reply to questions by the magistrate, remarked that he was not at all able to account for the strange attempt made by the young man, who lived with his father, and apparently upon the most amicable terms. He seldom was seen outside the doors, and paid great attention to his work. His circumstances were poor. Prisoner very observed, in a low tone, "I was not in want, though I was very miserable; that was why I did it, sir." Magistrate: That is a very bad reason, then. The wounds must have been serious to require you to remain so long at the hospital. Where is the certificate? Constable: I have not one, sir. The surgeon said he would attend here before this, but he has not. Magistrate: I will remand the prisoner for a week. The prisoner, whose features are attenuated and shockingly pallid, was then removed.

SOUTHWARK.

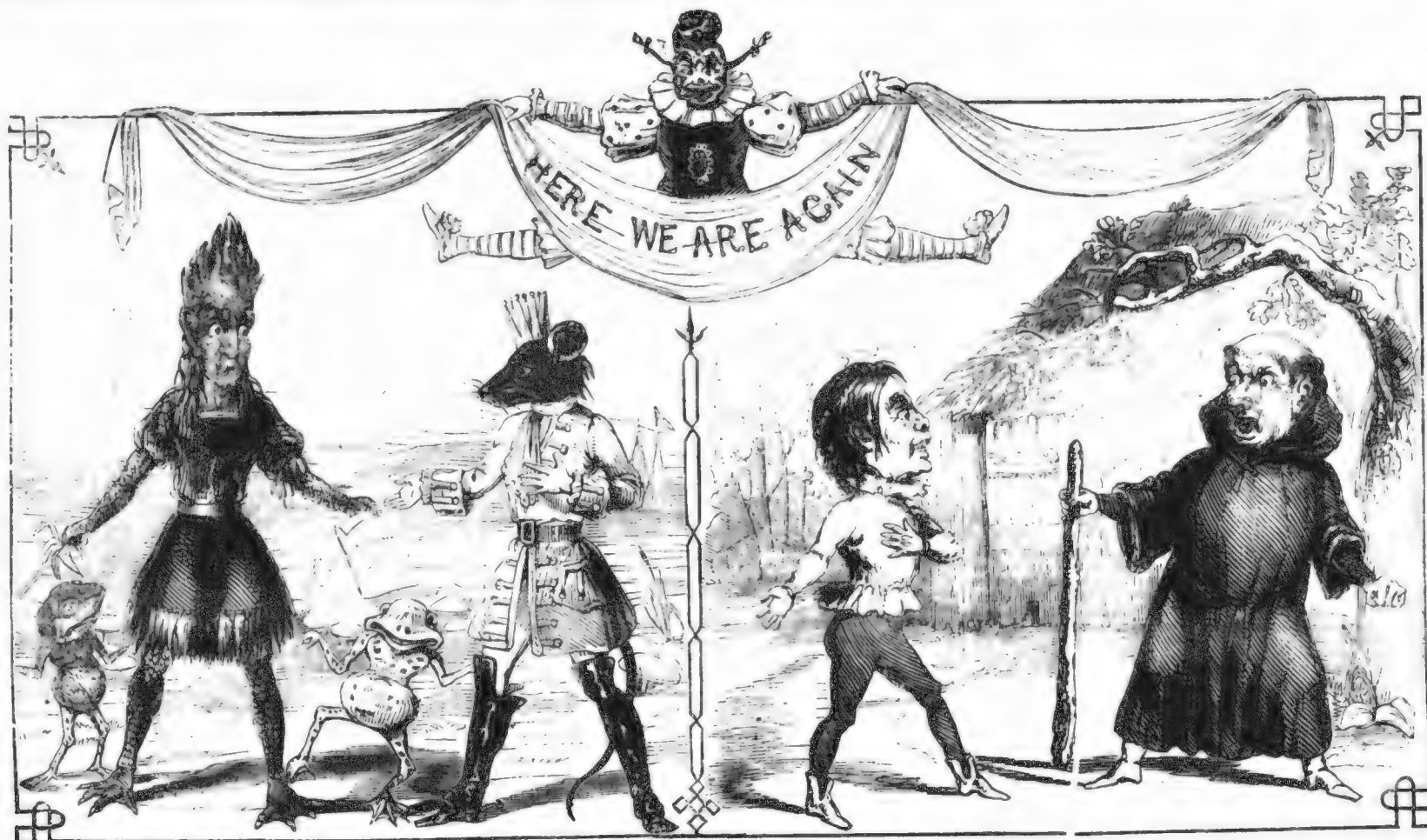
MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—Johanna Morgan and Ann Galdy were placed at the bar, before Mr. Woolrych, for final examination, charged with being concerned with two other women in committing a murderous assault upon James Woodham, in Hooper-street, Westminster-road, inflicting serious wounds on his head with brickbats. The prosecutor, whose head was strapped up in several places, said he was an ostler, and resided in Hooper-street, Westminster-road. On Tuesday afternoon, the 26th ult., about two o'clock, he was within ten yards of his own door, when the prisoners and two others surrounded him. Galdy said, "Now we have got him, let's do for him." At the same time she struck him on the head with a brickbat, and knocked him down. As he was getting up the prisoner and the other women knocked him down again, and he was beaten about the head until he became insensible. On his recovery he found himself in his own house, with his head cut in a fearful manner. Information was given to the police, and he was assisted to a surgeon's, where the wounds were dressed, but for three days he was in great pain, so that he could hardly hold his head up. He should say he lost two quarts of blood in the affray. In cross-examination, witness said he was perfectly sober, and was going home at the time. He never spoke to the prisoners, or gave them the least provocation to attack him. Margaret Woodham, sister-in-law to the prosecutor, said she lived in Hooper-street, and was standing at her door, when she saw him coming up the street. When within about fifteen yards of her, the prisoners and two others surrounded him. Galdy knocked him down with a brick, and as he was getting up they all threw bricks at him and knocked him down again. One of the women then said, "Let's settle him," and took a broken ginger-beer bottle from her pocket, with which she struck him and ran off. Immediately after that the prisoners and the other women went away. The witness then lifted the prosecutor into the house, and, having washed his hands, tied his head up and assisted him to a doctor. On the way there they gave information to the police. Sergeant Edwards, 15 L, said that he took the prisoners into custody the same afternoon, and on the way to the station-house Galdy threw a large door key into the road, the end of which had blood on it. He picked it up, when Galdy said it belonged to her mother. When at the station-house Galdy said, "There's four of us at it; why not have us all?" Morgan said that the prosecutor had insulted her sister and it served him right. The witness had since been in search of the other women, but was unable to find them. The prisoners, who denied the charge, were committed for trial.

LAMBETH.

MISCHIEVOUS "LARKS."—Alfred Cheshire, 14, and Richard Horton, 15, were charged with the following outrage:—Mr. Henry Palford, the keeper of a china and glass shop in Camberwell-green, said that for twelve months past he had been subjected to great annoyance and serious losses by missiles thrown into his shop. He had tried in many ways to detect the offenders, without success. On the evening named in the summons he, witness, was standing in the shop in such a position that he could see everything in front, and saw both the defendants there. Immediately after, the three stale cauliflowers produced were thrown with much force into his shop, and had they fallen on that part of the counter where the glass was placed must have done considerable mischief. The prisoners pleaded "Guilty" to the offence, and Cheshire said it was Horton who suggested the "lark," but Horton gave the merit of the suggestion to Cheshire. Mr. Norton observed that it was curious to remark the vast difference in the manners and habits of boys of the present day and those of forty or fifty years ago. As far as his own memory served him the enjoyments of lads formerly consisted of good-natured fun and frolic, while the "larks," as they called them, of the boys of our day were nothing until attended with some mischief. On account of the expressed contrition of the prisoners he should let them off easier than, perhaps, he ought, but if brought there again on a second charge he would promise to punish them to the utmost extent of the law. He then convicted them in a penalty of 5s. each, which was paid.

HIGHGATE.

MURDEROUS ATTACK ON A WIFE.—Mr. Henry Keeble, aged 65, a retired tradesman, and owner of considerable property in Highgate, was brought up in custody, charged with assaulting his wife by cutting her on the arms and legs with a knife. Mr. Superintendent Webb, of the Y division, watched the case for the Commissioners of Police; Mr. W. D. Smyth, solicitor, of 82, Rochester-row, Westminster, defended the prisoner. The first witness examined was Mr. Alfred Hazell, who deposed: I live at 6, Southwood-terrace, next door to the prisoner. On Thursday morning last, about four o'clock, Mr. Keeble came to my door, and knocked at it, asking me if I would go into his house, as there were two thieves there, and he had been struggling with them for two hours. I went into the passage of his house, and hearing groaning and moaning down below I did not like to go in by myself. I went to the police-station for a constable. We went to the house, and both of us stood at the top of the stairs and heard the moaning. Prisoner was in the passage, where I left him, and appeared to have been drinking. Neither of us cared about going into the kitchen, and another constable was fetched. I went down stairs with the first constable, but we could not open the door at first. Mr. Keeble said he thought it was locked, and that the two men were still in the room. I think there was a light in the room. When he had opened the door I saw Mrs. Keeble lying in the far corner. She seemed as if she had fallen down heavily. She appeared to be insensible, and was groaning. On coming to I think the first words she uttered were, "Oh, my thigh!" Mr. Keeble seemed very much excited, and just like a man who had been drinking hard. He repeated his statement as to the thieves several times, and spoke incoherently. I suggested to the police-constables that we had better lift Mrs. Keeble up. We did so, and rested her head against the constable's knees. The other constable went for Dr. Forshall, who sewed up the wounds. There were no signs of thieves in the house. There was a good deal of blood in the corner of the room, and Mrs. Keeble's clothes were covered with blood. Mr. Keeble said a man went into her room, put out the light, and then attacked her. She did not say who the man was, but she as much as said that it was not her husband. Mr. Keeble's clothes were not disarranged much. His hands had some blood on them, especially his right hand. Mr. Keeble produced a pocket-knife, and said that was the knife he had out the thief with. (The knife was produced in court.) A sovereign was found in the room. Inspector O'Loughlin, of the G division, having corroborated the above evidence, deposed: I found a sovereign on the floor, and accused told me it was one of two he had in his pocket, and that he was going to give it to the thieves to prevent them robbing him. I, with last witness and police-constable Webb, thoroughly searched the house, as prisoner persisted in his statement respecting thieves being in the house. There was no appearance of any one having entered. Mrs. Keeble appeared to be under the influence of drink, and prisoner was in a very excited state, apparently suffering from the effects of hard drinking. They were both dressed; but prisoner had his boots off, and his stockings were covered with blood. On the day following the assault I saw the accused in his bed. He said that he felt convinced that he had assaulted his wife, thinking he was attacking thieves. Dr. F. H. Forshall, M.R.O.S., proved being called to the injured woman. He found a series of from twenty-five to thirty wounds on her arms and legs. They might have been caused by such an instrument as the knife produced. The bench remanded the prisoner for a week, but accepted bail, himself in 200l., and two sureties in 100l. each, Mr. Smyth giving an assurance that he should be well taken care of.



THE PANTOMIME SEASON.—THE OPENING.

THE PANTOMIME SEASON.

Our pantomime sketches, here given, require little comment. "Here we are again!" has been uttered by the clown over and over again; thousands have witnessed the stealing propensities of the heroes of pantomime proper and their mischievous tricks; and others have been equally pleased with the agile movements of harlequin and columbine. On page 471 we give a full description of many of the London pantomimes, which, this year, are unusually brilliant.

A COLUMBINE BURN'T TO DEATH.

A SAD scene occurred at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, on Thursday night, during the performance of the pantomime "Robin Hood." A guita percha tube connecting the wing lights became detached, and the gas escaping ignited, when an explosion took place, the flame shooting up to the top of the stage. A rush was made to the door by the audience, who thought the theatre was on fire, but they were stopped by seeing Miss Louisa Ricardo, who was engaged as Columbine Watteau, rush on to the stage enveloped in flames. She had been standing amongst a group collected at the wing, waiting her turn to go on, when the flames caught her muslin skirt. She shrieked and rushed on in the middle of the scene, where her father was playing as clown, but was thrown

down by one of the stage carpenters. Mr. Bell, the lessee, rushed from his private box, and his top coat was pulled off and wrapped round the poor girl and the flames were beaten out. A number of the audience clambered from the pit to the stage while the fearful scene was going on, but they ultimately resumed their seats and the performance proceeded. Miss Ricardo was removed home and attended to by medical men, and on Friday morning no dangerous results were apprehended, though she was sadly burnt about the arms and chest. She died, however, at two o'clock in the afternoon from her injuries and the shock to her system. Her father was so much burned in endeavouring to put out the fire that he will be unable to resume his profession for some time.—*Leeds Mercury*.

AN ECCENTRIC LANDLORD.—A gentleman of considerable wealth, including a large amount of house property at Stratford, where he resided, has recently died. During his long residence there he had acquired considerable notoriety from his peculiar notions as regards letting his houses, every applicant having to agree to the following conditions before entering upon the tenancy:—1. There must be no children. 2. The tenant must not smoke. 3. Nor keep birds. 4. Nor exhibit flowers in pots or otherwise in any or either of the windows of the house. 5. If a bachelor, or widow, or spinster, he or she must not enter into matrimony during his or her tenancy.—*Essex Standard*.

A STREET SCENE AT CANTON.

Those who have witnessed the pantomime of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" at Covent Garden, (a notice of which appears in our theatrical columns this week), will be reminded of the engraving on page 477, of the street cooks of Canton. The traffic in the streets is enormous, even when compared with the scenes we who live in London are familiar with. There are vagrant barbers, itinerant cooks, tailors, hawkers—people of all trades; there are swarms of porters and beggars, all making a hideous hubbub in the regular pursuit of their avocation. Our engraving is from a sketch taken upon the spot, of the itinerant cooks; but for the hubbub, which is really not exaggerated, we advise our readers to go and witness the Covent Garden pantomime.

AN ENRAGED HUSBAND.—*Le Journal de Rouen* killed a lady last week, and the editor had a visit from the bereaved husband. "Villain," cried the bereaved husband, "you have killed my wife!" Editor, with dignity, "Monsieur, I am an editor, not a doctor." "That's just it," cried the bereaved husband, "you've killed her on paper, and she is alive." "If she is not dead I congratulate you sincerely." "Congratulate! I demand damages for disappointment."



THE PANTOMIME SEASON.—THE HARLEQUINADE.





A STREET SCENE IN CANTON. (See page 476.)

Literature.

THE DEAD LETTER.

A PRETTY girl, and Max Bayard was a flirt.

The inevitable consequence was, that he devoted himself to her with so much assiduity that at the end of a month Fanny Temple considered herself to be almost engaged to him. She was a gay girl, thoroughly understanding the world, and that a wealthy husband was a very desirable thing; but this one fact very nearly comprised all that she did know. She was shallow, heartless, and superficially educated—a very tiresome companion, as Max would have discovered, had he ever seen her in the quiet of a home. But as it was, having met her only in scenes of gaiety, in the intoxication of a *tertium quid*, she was always so well dressed, so smiling, and so pretty, that he very readily fell into a style of attentions compromising to himself as well as to her. He was meditating on this very subject when he was interrupted by his friend, Leicester St. Oaks.

"Well, Max, what are you studying so profoundly?" he asked, as he joined him in his slow promenade in front of the Seaside Hotel.

"On various things."

"The Temple, for instance?"

"Perhaps so," answered Max, with a start.

"Well, what are you going to do about it? Are you really going to settle for life?"

"That's just what I have been thinking of."

"You might just as well, my dear fellow; she's very pretty; and seriously, Max, don't you think you have been flirting rather outrageously?"

"Oh, come now, Leicester, don't begin to preach."

"Well, I confess it is not exactly in my line; but when I see such a little innocent as this looks to be being slaughtered, I can't help a remonstrance."

"So you really think it would be a good plan for me to give up my liberty and try the matrimonial harness?"

"Yes; why not? I am a much happier man than I was before marriage."

"Ah, but your wife is one of a thousand."

"True; but, although I don't pretend that Fanny Temple is her equal, still she strikes me as being a very nice girl."

"I'll think of your advice, Leicester. I am thirty years old; I know I should be more of a man if I were married; and, although I have been a great flirt, still I think I would make a good husband."

"I don't doubt it, my dear fellow. I should be delighted to go to your wedding."

"And meantime we are to go to the Carralls' reception to-night. Are we not?"

"Yes. Will you and Fanny take seats in our carriage?"

"Thank you."

And the conversation drifted away from the subject of Miss Temple to other less interesting topics. All the rest of the day he was pondering whether he should really propose to this gay little coquette, or go on drifting along in the somewhat aimless life he had led for the last ten years. Many of us know what a sentimental interest is apt to spring up in the course of a summer flirtation, and Max was enough interested in Fanny to feel considerable dislike to the thoughts of a rude and entire cessation of his devotion to her. Yet he was perfectly conscious he could not continue the same style of attentions to her much longer; he must either propose for her hand or break up the thing altogether. Having come to this conclusion, he did as he had often done before in his idle life; he acted precisely as if he had not thought about it at all, and asked Fanny Temple to take a drive, with no more definite object than the amusement of the hour.

It was a lovely evening, just declining to sunset, and Fanny very pretty in the stylish round hat and perfect fit of her tight jacket. Max was in very good spirits, and they dashed over one

of the best drives in Newport at a fast trot that was much more brilliant than sentimental. On their return, the twilight was beginning to gather, and they were coming down a deeply-shaded avenue, when Fanny exclaimed, "There is some sort of a strap dancing on this horse."

Max reined up. "It is the check-rein," he said. "Are you afraid to sit here a moment while I fasten it?"

"Not if you will keep tight hold of them all the time."

Max laughed. "I will take care of you, Fanny, never fear."

He sprang down to the horse's head, and had just taken up the rein, when a little obdurate came running down the road, and close up to the other side of the vehicle.

"Take care!" cried Max; and Fanny uttered a shrill shriek as the little white apparition sprang past her, and directly in front of the horses.

Max was terrified; he dropped his hold on the rein to snatch the little creature away from her danger. In an instant the startled animal sprang from his grasp and dashed with a wild plunge down the road. Fanny uttered shriek after shriek, that only added to their fright, and Max beheld himself powerless to assist her as she seemed borne on to certain destruction.

He ran after the flying horses with all the swiftness which length of limb and depth of chest gave him, but he saw the light figure of the girl swinging from side to side, and every instant expected to see her dashed to pieces, when help came from a quarter least expected. A young lady, who was walking down the otherwise deserted avenue when the wild horses came sweeping towards her, instead of shrinking back in terror, dropped the light parasol she had in her hand, and, springing out, seized with a firm hand the dangling rein.

For a few terrible seconds Max thought he should see her also trampled to swift destruction, but before he could reach her she had succeeded, by admirable management, in absolutely checking their mad career, and when Max at last came up she stood at the head of the panting beasts, completely their mistress. She was very pale; but this served only to set off the faultless beauty of her perfect features and the light of her splendid eyes, that were blazing with the excitement of the moment. As Max approached her, and a smile broke over her face, she seemed to him, with her floating white dress and her golden hair, to look like some fair guardian angel.

"You are not hurt, I hope," he said. "I have no words in which to express my thanks and my admiration for your bravery."

"It is nothing," she replied, with a graceful bow. "I fancy this young lady requires more assistance than I do."

Poor Fanny had indeed gone into violent hysterics, and Max was obliged to go to her and soothe her.

"It's all over now, Fanny," he said, kindly. "There, there, don't sob so, we will soon drive back to the hotel."

"Oh, take me out, take me out!" she cried. "I will not stay another moment with those dreadful horses."

"There is no danger now, and it is a mile to the hotel; you had better let me drive you."

But Fanny was very unreasonable, and Max was obliged to climb into the vehicle and take her in his arms to induce her to listen to reason at all. And then she clung to him in such a paroxysm of terror, that it was some moments before he could free himself from her clasp; and when he turned at last, the young lady who had saved them had entirely disappeared. Vexed indeed, Max started the horses for the hotel. Fanny hid her head on his shoulder in fresh terror.

"It is too bad I had no chance to thank her better," he said, as they drove on.

"To thank whom?" asked Fanny.

"Why, the young lady who saved your life."

"What do you mean?" she said, looking up at last.

"Did you not know that a young lady stopped the horses?"

"No, indeed, I thought you did."

"Then you cannot tell who it was?"

"Of course not."

But this suggestion had aroused Fanny's interest, and the rest

of the drive she was so eager in her inquiries, that it helped to make her forget her fear. Once back again at the hotel she thought herself that it was time to dress for the Carralls'; and having been comforted with a glass of wine, went away to the toilet in quite a calm frame of mind.

Three hours later Max and Fanny were walking through the crowded rooms of the Carralls' handsome cottage, when Max exclaimed, with a sudden start, "There she is!"

"Who?"

"The young lady that stopped the horses. Come, Fanny, we must be introduced properly, and thank her again."

Fanny made a wry face, but the duty was too obvious to be avoided; and, in a few moments, Mrs. Carrall was found, informed of the adventure, and asked to be the medium of presentation.

"You don't know who it was at all?"

"No; but I will show you in a moment. There, that is she in the white dress, with green ribbons."

"That? Why, that is my niece, Maud Carrall, who is staying with us. Strange she never spoke of it."

"A woman brave enough for such a deed of heroism would hardly boast of it," said Max. And then they were beside the heroine.

When she turned at her aunt's call, Maud blushed deeply as she saw who it was that was beside her. She met the introduction gracefully, but the enthusiastic thanks of Max seemed to embarrass her.

"It was very easy for me," she said. "I have been accustomed to horses from my earliest childhood. Besides, it was a sort of duty, for the little girl who frightened the horses was walking with me."

Fanny, too, acquitted herself very prettily of her thanks, and looked half vexed when some admirer of hers came up, and she was obliged to leave Max with the beautiful stranger. He was only too glad of the opportunity for a longer conversation, and the rest of the evening he lingered by her side at every possible moment, to the almost total neglect of poor Fanny.

From this day there was a new element in the hitherto objectless life of Max Bayard. This young lady, Maud Carrall, was to his immediate perception the noblest woman he had ever met. Brave, truthful, upright, scorning the idle coquetries of her sex, rather proud and reserved, but, withal, genial and affectionate to those she loved, she was indeed a fearless creature, worth a man's winning. For the first time in his life, Max felt his own deficiencies, and despaired himself for his aimless existence. Instead of feeling the petty gratification of satisfied vanity which usually resulted from his flirtations, when he was with Maud, Max realized all the perfections of her character with a keen sense of his own inferiority, that stimulated him to try to lead a life more worthy of her. For a long while, flirt as he was, he was so thoroughly alive to his own faults that he had not the least hope she would ever be to him more than a divinity he might humbly worship at a distance; but after a time he caught sometimes in her beautiful eyes a softness of look that sent a thrill to his heart, and made his pulse beat with the wild dream of possibilities for the future.

Yet all this time his devotions to Fanny were continued—rather languidly, it is true, but she was in the house with him, he was very much alone with her; and even yet, Max was not sufficiently cured of his old propensities to turn away from the pleasant homage of the devotions of a pretty girl. Then, too, Maud Carrall was no every-day person, to be approached at once with easy familiarity. It was a long time before he ventured on frequent visits or any but formal attentions, and the leisure hours of the long summer days were spent agreeably enough with Fanny Temple and her gay friends.

But the end came at last. Leicester St. Oaks, who had teased him a good deal about his double flirtation, informed him one morning that Maud Carrall was going away.

"Going away! I thought she was to stay through September."

"She was; but I just met Mr. Carrall, and he told me that some one—her mother, I believe—was ill, and she was summoned home."

At the time, Max was playing croquet with a gay party, and as

Fanny's escort; but, with scarcely a word of apology, he forced his mallet upon St. Oake, who had only intended to stay for a moment, and left Fanny intensely disgusted to have no one to flirt with but an "old married man."

Max was soon at the Carrolls'; but just as he came up to the place, he spied Lulu, the little innocent cause of the former runaway adventure, weeping in silent terror at the gate in consequence of a big dog, who was sitting very quietly outside. Rescuing her from this very harmless danger, and bearing her in his arms, he went on toward the house with the child in his arms. Maud, hearing her cries, came running down the lawn to meet them.

"Oh, Mr. Bayard, you are always so kind. I was quite alarmed by such a terrible outcry."

"It was nothing; she was only afraid of a very meek-looking dog, who was asleep at the gate."

"He would have eaten me up, like the lions that Pilgrim saw, if I had tried to go by," sobbed Lulu.

But Maud and Max comforted her so well that she was soon running merrily away after butterflies, and then Max turned to his companion.

"You are really going away, Miss Maud?"

"Yes, this afternoon—my mother is ill," and a faint tremble of the sweet voice showed how much she felt the subject.

"Do you go alone?"

"Yes, I must; I have no time to wait for an escort."

"Will you permit me to wait upon you? You cannot reach home till after dark, and I do not like to think of your travelling alone."

For a moment Maud raised her beautiful eyes to those of Max with a glance as if she would read his very soul; then a lovely colour swept over her face, and her eyelids drooped as she said—

"You are very kind. If it will not be too much trouble, I shall be very glad to have you come with me."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said Max enthusiastically.

"No," she smiled, "the obligation is on my side also. I have really dreaded to travel alone."

"But I am very gratified for the trust you have reposed in me."

And then, after a long talk about the journey, he said, "And now I must leave you to your preparations, I presume?"

"Yes; I have a great deal to do this morning."

And Max, for the first time, held out his hand to bid her good-bye. She placed hers in his, and he walked away as happy as any poor mortal can often expect to be.

That journey was a long delightful dream—to Max, at least; dust, heat, and discomfort were nothing, for that beautiful woman was beside him, and he had the honourable position of her protector. Very well he acquitted himself of his task; also; love gave him a keenness of perception, that enabled him to anticipate any want; and when, at last, they reached B—, and started on the drive for her home, Maud was, perhaps, as sad at the approaching separation as Max.

"So you do not return to Newport?"

"No, I shall go at once to London: there is some business there I ought to have attended to long ago. Miss Maud, I have thus far led but an aimless life; but since I have met you I have resolved to try to be no longer the idle man I have been, but to endeavour to be such a man as you would be willing to number among your friends."

This was all. He felt that it would be entirely dishonourable to press his suit while she was under his protection; but she had promised him that she would write him in a day or two and tell him how her mother was; and with this thread of correspondence between them, he forced himself to be content. Still, he could not help the tremble in his voice when he bade her good-bye, nor the one ardent kiss on the unglazed hand she placed in his as they stood on the door-steps at midnight.

For a moment Maud did not speak. Was it imagination, or could he believe that she dared not trust her voice? Then the door opened.

"How is mother?" she asked, hoarsely.

"Better, oh, much better!" was the answer from a dim figure inside.

"But why did you not telegraph for some one to meet you, Maud, dear?"

"I had an escort." And then she turned once more, and, this time with a smile, bade Max good-bye.

He went away, back to B—, and the next morning back to London. He would begin his new career by not postponing his important business for the pleasure of seeing Maud; but the days were weary enough till he heard from her. A brief but friendly note informed him that her mother was quite convalescent, and thanking him courteously for his kindness in being her escort. By return of mail, Max sent the letter that contained the avowal he had so long wished to make. He told Maud how he loved her—how for her sake he would strive to be a noble and better man, and implored her to let him know at once whether he might hope to win her or for ever despair of that bright prize.

How he got through the next few days Max could hardly tell. They were all blanks except the hours for the mail, which were black disappointments. Three days wore away—plenty of time for a reply; four days; and then, as his business all the while tied him to the city, he wrote again. More weary days followed, with fresh disappointment, till the time lengthened into weeks, and hope died out.

In the midst of this black time, Fanny Temple and her mother arrived in London, and came to the same hotel where Max was staying. At first he kept out of her way; but gradually, as he reached the settled conviction that Maud had rejected him, and in the most insulting manner, by refusing to reply to his letters, he found a sort of half consolation in Fanny's devoted attentions. She expected, perhaps, what had happened; but she was very weary. It was a long time before she said, one day, "Ah, Max, why did you ever care for that cold-hearted Maud Carroll?"

"Cold-hearted, Fanny! Do you think she was cold?"

"Yes, indeed—cold and cruel, too. I have known of ever so many heartless things she has done."

"What were they?"

"I cannot tell you now, Max; but it was cruel of you to leave me for her."

"And you, Fanny?"

"Oh, Max, you know I always cared for you!"

And, in his craving for affection, even her love, which he knew was shallow compared to what Maud would have felt, was a comfort to his wounded heart. Why pursue the story step by step? It is enough to say that when three months were passed without one word from Maud, Max became engaged to Fanny. Partly he rushed into this from a desperate feeling that he would not allow Maud to triumph in the belief that her insulting conduct had broken his heart; partly because, in his somewhat weak nature, the longing for love once roused, he tried to satisfy the want with an inferior devotion, though all the time bitterly conscious that the best hope of his life was drifting away from him, and would soon be lost for ever.

The preparations for the marriage were very hurried. Fanny feared, perhaps, some change, after all. The wedding-day was fixed for early May; and it was late in April when Max went one night with Fanny to a large ball. He had passed through the rooms once with his pretty fiancée; but she had left him to dance, and he was leaning back against the wall alone, when a slight sound attracted him, and, turning, he saw, standing very near him, Maud Carroll.

She was under the shadow of the curtains in the recess of a bay-window, almost as pale as when he first saw her. Max felt himself turn white to the very lips as their eyes met.

"Mr. Bayard!"

She was the first to speak, in a faint low voice. She was fainting, and he sprang to her side.

"No!" she said, with a faint pallid smile. "I am very well; but—"

She hesitated, and, with a cold bow, Max, his wounded pride coming to his memory, would have turned away, but she stopped him again.

"Mr. Bayard, it is due to you that I say a few words on a subject that must now be painful to us both."

She sank down on the lounge that stood in the bay-window, and Max placed himself by her side, with a desperate wish that they could somehow fade out of the world together, and never more come out of that shadow into the light and whirl beyond.

"What is it, Miss Carroll?" he asked, after a long pause.

Maud hesitated a moment.

"It is very hard to say, Mr. Bayard; but I owe it to you. You wrote me two letters last autumn."

Max bowed.

"I answered them, but you never received the reply."

He started as if he had been shot.

"You answered both?"

"No—that is, mother was very ill when the first came, and before I could write, the second arrived. Then I replied to both."

"And what became of that letter?"

"It was returned to me through the Dead Letter Office about a month ago."

"My God!" Max groaned aloud. "What was the answer, Maud?—at least tell me that."

Maud blushed painfully.

"It is too late now," she said. "Mr. Bayard, why torture you and myself by dwelling on the theme? It was some point of honour to let you know that I had not treated you with deliberate insult. But I have said enough. Shall we join the party?"

She rose as she spoke. Max looked at her with wild, despairing eyes.

"Maud! Maud! and now I have lost you for ever!" Then, as he saw how white she grew, he made a desperate effort. "You are right. It is, indeed, too late. Nothing remains for me but to show you that my honour is as dear as yours. You have proved yourself a noble woman, and, although you are lost to me, I may at least be permitted to remember and honour you."

Maud held out her hand for an instant. Max clasped it in silence, and then the two went out into the gay whirl of the ball.

Fanny saw Max as he stepped into the light. She noted how pale he was, and who was with him, and was by his side in a moment. He was very kind and gentle all the rest of the evening; but even she never dared to ask what passed between him and the woman he loved.

Well, there was no hope after that. The next day the invitations for Max's wedding went out, and two weeks after he was married. His honour, too, was dear to him. He could not break his solemn promise; and, although he was very pale when he pronounced the words that raised an impassable barrier between him and Maud Carroll, he never complained, and he sought afterwards to make a good husband to a very frivolous wife.

As for Maud, she was not a woman to love twice; and the only love-letter she ever wrote was a dead letter.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

[From *Le Follet*.]

ALTHOUGH the winter season has advanced, the fashion of wearing an entire toilette of the same material is still adopted. Of course there are only certain materials in which this is admissible. Cloth, or woollen materials, are thus worn; but, perhaps, nothing is more suitable for this than a kind of velvet, called "Velours de Londres"—it is less expensive even than taffetas, and makes a more thorough winter's costume. It may be trimmed either with passementerie, guipure, or fur. For visits of ceremony, a dress of satin, with a small cascade of the same, trimmed with fur, is exceedingly elegant.

Our subscribers will just now be the most anxious to know what is a mode for evening and ball dresses; therefore, just mentioning a few favourite materials for these purposes, we will proceed to our long and choice list of toilettes.

White tullestanes, with double zig-zags or interlacings of coloured ruching, are in favour—above all, those spotted with gold or pearl, or with stars of gold or glass; also those with small coloured designs. Another pattern meeting with much favour is that of flies or birds in black and gold, blue and gold, red and silver, &c.

Many rich tullestanes are made in stripes of colour on a white ground, or dotted over with small designs. Ball dresses, of thin material, are frequently made with tulle caught up with ribbon, cords, or trails of flowers. At the bottoms of skirts bouillonnés or flounces are placed, and corsélets with points, or with small separated basques, are worn. There are some chasus of gold made as trimmings or white satin dresses, covered with tulle illusion.

These chasus—holding as it were the bouillonnés—are extremely distinguished. There are also very rich galons sultanes, made in colours and fringed with gold; gold guipure embroidered with pearls; and ribbons of gold or silver, upon which are large designs of white or coloured velvet, with gold or silver hearts. Crystal is used on velvet; the skirts out on the bias, and every seam trimmed with crystal fringe.

A toilette de bal.—Under-skirt of striped blue and gold; the upper of blue satin, upon each seam a gold lace, placed two rows together, forming an insertion, and finished off with gold tassels falling over the under-skirt. Low body, with gold lace forming a rabat; and wide gold band fastened by two corsés. Head-dress in the empire style with gold bandelettes. Necklace of camées, fastened on blue velvet.

Gold is worn as trimming on bonnets, as well as on other articles of dress; for example, a black velvet bonnet is trimmed with bands of plush ribbon, striped with gold. The inside is a torsade of black velvet, with three gold stars.

A more simple style of bonnet is of drawn black velvet; bouillonnés tulle crown, spotted with jet. A bow of velvet ribbon on the side, with a camée in the middle. Two torsades of passementerie worked with jet cross the crown, and falling in festoons over the chignon. The inside is drapery of tulle and velvet, fastened with a camée.

Blue velvet bonnet, with a flat plait from the front to the small curtain, edged with white blonde. High on the side is a puff of blonde, from the centre of which a white feather falls over the crown. The feather is fastened to the blonde by a small bird. White strings.

A very pretty bonnet for a young lady is of white tulle, spotted with blue chenille. Small bouillonnés curtain to match, with a band of blue velvet, fastened with a pearl buckle. Barette to match inside, and blue velvet strings.

A STATUE WEEPING BY STREAM.—The Florence correspondent of the *Independence Belge* says that a singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of St. Magalen, which has long been famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently moved, in order to facilitate repairs to the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water. The steam passed up into the head, and was there condensed. The water then made its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, and trickled down the cheeks of the image. So the wonderful miracle was performed.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, *Horniman's* Tea is now supplied by the *Arcata* Establishment per *the Oceanic*. Every Genuine Packet is signed "*Horniman and Co.*"—[Advertisement.]

CAPTURE OF THREE ENGLISHMEN BY GREEK BRIGANDS.

The following is from an Athens letter:—

"I believe the following account of the capture of Lord John Hervey, the Hon. Henry Strutt, and Mr. Coore by the brigands in Greece is tolerably complete and accurate in the leading facts. On the 4th inst. these gentlemen left Ithaca for a week's shooting in Acarnania. On reaching Acarnania they touched at Astakos to exhibit the papers of the yacht and take on board a few boats selected by their guide, Photo. There they received no intimation of danger existing in the district. They then moved the schooner down to the port of Pandeleimona, where vessels often take in cargoes of valonia, and commenced shooting. I believe they did not find so much game as they expected, killing only a single deer on Thursday. On Friday they changed their position, going up the gulf of Dragomestre and nearer Astakos, in order to feast the woods at a place called Maratha. No notice was sent to them either from Astakos, Pandeleimona, or Dragomestre, that there were brigands near, and they had not the most distant suspicion of danger, when, on the afternoon of Friday, the 8th inst., they suddenly found themselves as completely at the mercy of Spiro Delti as the five officers who went out to capture Kitzos were at his mercy when he murdered the priest of Marathon before their eyes on the 23rd of October. One of the sailors of the yacht called out that they had fallen among brigands, and on Lord John, Strutt, and Coore looking round, each saw a gun pointed at him within forty yards, while he who held the gun continued to conceal everything but a very small angle of his person. They could see four enemies in ambush, and while they paused to consider the means of escape, their interpreter, whom the brigands had already secured, called out to them not to fire, as the robbers were many, and on turning to gain the shore where their boat was waiting by some open ground they encountered five more guns pointed at them, the owners of which contrived with admirable ingenuity to conceal their persons. In the meantime their guide, Photo, disappeared with the boats. They stood still, and the chief of the brigands came forward and politely requested them to make him a present of their rifles and revolvers, which, as nine muzzles were still pointed at them, they did with as much good-will as they could command. They were now prisoners, and the brigands had a council to settle the manner in which their capture might be turned to the best account. In order to lose as little time as possible a party was sent off to plunder the yacht, but returned extremely dissatisfied with the small sum found in gold. This induced the brigands to declare that they would carry all three to the mountains, but Mr. Strutt said that if they would allow him to go on board he would give them twenty napoleons, which they had not found. This put them in better humour, and on receiving the twenty napoleons they agreed to keep only one hostage and the interpreter, and to allow the other two to go to Patras for the ransom. Lots were cast, and Mr. Coore had the misfortune to remain in the hands of the brigands for a week. Lord John Hervey and Mr. Strutt are said to have received each a bank-note for 100 drachmas to pay their passage to Patras, and they were the bearers of a letter to Mr. Wood, the managing partner of the house of Barff and Co., of which this is a translation:—

"Mr. Wood,—You must send us 3,000 liras sterling to ransom the Englishmen within eight days, and take care that we are not molested in the meantime, or we shall kill the men we have."

"THE COMPANY IN THE FOREST"

"Lord John Hervey and Mr. Strutt were so fortunate as to go on board the Greek steamer, and they reached Patras on Sunday evening. They immediately presented their letter from the 'Company in the Forest,' but Messrs. Barff and Co. had not £3,000 in gold in hand. But only £2,400 was collected in gold, and Lord John and Mr. Strutt sailed on Monday, at three p.m., with that amount in gold, and the rest in Greek bank-notes. Her Majesty's ship *Chanticleer* took them over to Dragomestre. But, lest the sight of an English man-of-war should alarm the brigands, and drive them off to the distant mountains, a man who knew the country well was towed over in a shore-boat from Patras, and landed at a convenient spot in the night, before the *Chanticleer* appeared in the gulf of Dragomestre. Another difficulty occurred which threatened to delay the release of Mr. Coore. The brigands declined receiving Greek bank-notes. In order to prevent any loss of time, the captain of the *Chanticleer* went over to Ithaca and obtained the gold from the branch bank there, on paying a premium of six per cent. This gold was in Venetian sequins, which the brigands, after cutting one in two, and bending the others in true scraf style, to verify the purity of the coin, condescended to receive, and Mr. Coore was released. Mr. Coore appears to have passed rather a hard time with the brigands. He slept in caverns and under trees, but he was rarely allowed to enjoy uninterrupted rest, for the band usually changed its position in the middle of the night. On one occasion the brigands came suddenly within a few hundred yards of a detachment of gendarmes, and the chief informed Mr. Coore that he would shoot him rather than allow him to escape. Fortunately for Mr. Coore the brigands were not pursued. The brigand chief, Spiro Delti, is a native of Acarnania, and an old robber of the worst class, celebrated for his atrocities. He retired some time ago to Constantinople, perhaps to enjoy his ill-gotten gains, but the anarchy that now prevails in Greece induced him to resume business. His recent success will enable him to retire again on a competency. There are, however, three other bands already in Acarnania and Etolia. The chiefs are natives of Greece, but they often enrol recruits from the other side of the frontier."

LORD PALMERSTON'S WILL.—The will of the Right Hon. Henry John Viscount Palmerston, K.G., G.C.B., was proved in the principal registry of her Majesty's Court of Probate on the 22nd ult. The executors appointed are his relict, the Right Hon. Emily Viscountess Palmerston, and her second son, the Right Hon. William Francis Cowper; but the latter only has proved the will. Power is reserved to Lady Palmerston to do so hereafter. The will is dated Nov. 22, 1864. It occupies only four brief sheets. The last sheet bears his lordship's signature, "Palmerston," in a firm and clear hand. The personality was sworn under £120,000. His lordship confirms to his wife all the trinkets, jewels, and paraphernalia, and all things constituting her ladyship's separate property, and also leaves to her ladyship absolutely his carriage and horses, and the wines and consumable stores at Cambridge House and Broadlands. The deceased Premier has left his letters and papers to Lady Palmerston, which her ladyship is to retain or deal with as she thinks proper. His lordship leaves to his brother-in-law, the Right Hon. Laurence Sullivan and Admiral Sir William Rowles, and to his friends Sir George Stoe, Bart., and Sir George Rowles, legacies of £105 each, and to his executor, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, six shares in the Welsh Slate Company. The residue of the personality his lordship bequeaths to Lady Palmerston for life, when (with the exception of eighteen shares in the Welsh Slate Company, which her ladyship may appoint and dispose of as she thinks proper) it is to revert to her son, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper. His lordship has also left to Lady Palmerston a life interest in all his real and leasehold estates as well in Ireland as in Great Britain, and on her ladyship's decease they are devised to her said son absolutely, and the testator expresses his earnest wish (but without imposing an obligation on the devisee) that the right hon. gentleman will, immediately on coming into possession of the estates, apply for her Majesty's license and authority for him and his descendants to take and use the surname of "Temple," either in substitution for, or addition to, that of "Cowper," but so that "Temple" be the final name, and that the family arms of "Temple" be quartered with those of "Cowper."

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